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ESSAYS

CHIEFLY THEOLOGICAL.

BY THE

REV. PATRICK MURRAY, D.D.,

Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth.

"Credo in Unam, Sanctam, Catholicam, et Apostolicam Ecclesiam".
Symbol. Nicæn.

Credo "Sanctam Apostolicam sedem et Romanum Pontificem in universum orbem tenere principatum, et ipsum Pontificem Romanum successorem esse Beati Principis Apostolorum, et verum Christi vicarium, totiusque ecclesiæ caput, et omnium Christianorum Patrem et Doctorem existere; et ipsi in Beato Petro pascendi, regendi, et gubernandi universalem ecclesiam, a Domino nostro Jesu Christo plenam potestatem traditam fuisse".
Concil. Florentin.

FIRST SERIES.

DUBLIN:
GERALD BELLEW, 79 GRAFTON STREET.
1850.

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Introductory Essay.

If I linger for a few moments at a bookseller's stall in the public street, or walk into a bookseller's shop; if I enter a public library, or glance over a private collection; if I turn to my own familiar shelves, I find that nine out of every ten, perhaps nineteen out of every twenty, perhaps a far larger proportion of English books written on any of those topics which arrest the attention of cultivated minds, and in a style calculated to gratify their taste, are either thoroughly and avowedly anti-catholic in their principles and conclusions, in spirit and tone, or penetrated with a subtle poison of un-catholic sentiment so skilfully mixed as not to be easily discerned by an unpractised palate; or presenting but a thin, weak, watery dilution for the strong, invigorating wine of the pure Catholic truth. In the department of elementary education, in compilations for the use of schools, some members of religious communities especially of that admirable Institute, truly so called, of the "Christian Brothers," have within the last twenty years produced

many books written with great ability and admirably adapted for their purpose—though much more still remains to be done. But in the higher walks of English literature, far as the foot can tread the dusky defiles of the past or the endless pathways of the clearer present, there is an uncatholic chilness in the atmosphere we breathe, in the faces that accompany us, in the language that is spoken, in all we see, hear and touch. We feel like one who dreams that he is in a strange land, among a strange people, far away from his own warm and familiar home.

Of poetry I need say little. In general it appeals only to natural instincts, its direct end being to please. No man builds his faith on it, takes it up to learn what he is to believe. It serves to amuse, to soothe, to stimulate, to kindle, perhaps to invigorate the mind; as a mountain walk or a summer tour is taken for an analogous purpose in reference to the body. The most beautiful and sublime of all poetry is that of the Sacred Scriptures: and, beside it, there is very little of this the very highest class that has been made the vehicle of emotions that do indeed pierce the skies and glow before the throne of God, the visible array of truths that come down to us from the bosom of the Divinity. Nearly

all other poetry of this higher class is of the earth, earthly in other tongues and other lands as well as in ours. The direct harm it does, when it does harm, is rather by corrupting the heart, by inflaming too much, perhaps insanifying the imagination, than by *teaching* the intellect into unsound convictions. As to novels, with all the subordinate and cognate species, they are in general, with some exceptions that must be made and several that may be made, handbooks and charts of the high road to hell.

But if we turn to our more serious literature; to that which is concerned about facts, doctrines, opinions; to that from which men learn what to think, know, believe, or disbelieve, we find ourselves at once in an unreal land, in a lone, cold, misty world of goblins and mocking voices. We have no Catholic literature in history ancient or modern, general or particular, ecclesiastical or civil: we have histories of Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, of the islands of the sea—"but the trail of the serpent is over them all." We have no work of which the same may not be said, on political economy, on political philosophy, on the philosophy of mind, on moral philosophy, on the philosophy of law, on the

science or the art of reasoning, on grammar, on rhetoric, on any department of philology, on Biblical literature, on the general evidences of the Christian religion, in biography, (except in the hagiological department,) on almost any of the innumerable branches of human knowledge which admit the introduction, formal or allusive, of topics which afford scope for the expression of opinions on the history, doctrines, practices, spirit of the Catholic Church.

Some two or three years ago a circumstance occurred, which with several others of a similar kind, were among the causes that first turned my mind to the composition of some work like the present, and afterwards contributed to determine me to attempt it. A very able young Catholic gentleman, who then held, as he still justly holds, a very eminent position in English literature, asked my advice on the selection of the best works in our language, on logic and several other matters which he was desirous of studying, and which his professional pursuits rendered more or less incumbent on him to study. He was anxious to drill his mind into the principles of sound reasoning. He was anxious to acquire a knowledge of those forms which the successive efforts of genius and reflection have con-

structed and perfected, from repeated analysis and development of fundamental truths, and from repeated observations on the operations of the mind, in order to the regulating of these very operations. But above all, he was anxious to learn, in a clear, settled, comprehensive manner, the great unchangeable principles of that science, whether derived from revelation alone or from the lips of reason unsealed by revelation, by which all our theories and speculations on all general social and political questions must be regulated, or at least with which none of these theories or speculations should in the least degree clash. The gentleman to whom I allude, like all truly able men, saw clearly that the strongest mind, working only by its own powers upon its own resources, within its own sphere of observation and thought, can after all learn little if anything more than the fact of its own impotence. I could not for obvious reasons refer him to our deeper scholastic books, besides that he was not versed in their language and method and had never received a collegiate education of any kind. To what books could I have sent him? To the skeleton volumes used in our universities? In one view, I might as well refer him to the Koran, and, in another view, I might as well try to teach him Chris-

tian humility by recommending him to eat straws. Whately, Mill, Paley, Brougham, Dugald Stewart, Chalmers, &c. &c. &c.! What books to put into the hands of a young, inquisitive, strong-minded Catholic, who, firm though his subjective faith may be as a rock, yet has no more knowledge of the doctrines of the Church and the meaning of them and the divine perfection of them and the grounds of them, than what he has derived from his catechism, learned when he was a boy, or from his prayer book.

If we look only to our periodical literature daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, the literature which supplies the principal intellectual aliment to the great bulk of the old and the young, some excepted of those with whom study is a passion or a profession, what a spectacle presents itself! The whole land covered with poisoned manna rained down upon it from day to day! Everything to catch the eye, the ear, the fancy, to catch reason itself untutored, mouthing, stammering, staggering in its baby dress; but the principles and the rule of Catholic faith absolutely ignored in them all. I can hardly open one of these books but I see the devil's ebony tusks glistening and snarling at me from every page.

No doubt we have many excellent Catholic works

on subjects of general literature, and some excellent, indeed first rate, periodicals. But, as I have already intimated, I speak of books written so as to attract and please the very class of persons, growing daily more and more numerous, who emphatically need the instruction which they indeed contain, but so many of them contain in forms the most uninviting if not absolutely repulsive. We have works that come up fully to the proposed mark and others that approach to it, but that their number is, considering the wants of the times, very small, no one at all acquainted with the facts of the case will hesitate to admit. Let it be borne in mind that we live in a period when essays are published in a hundred newspapers and other periodicals which, if written sixty or eighty years ago, would have placed their authors far above Johnson and on a level with Edmund Burke for vigour and richness of mind, or with Oliver Goldsmith for charming simplicity and purity of language. It is very easy for certain persons to vilify the labour bestowed on a skilful selection, distribution, and adaptation of matter, to sneer at the careful elaboration of style, words, phrases, and sentences. With such persons—to whom I by no means allude for the purpose of sneering at *them*—I most cordially agree that, if we could carry

the great truths of God into the minds and hearts of men, by a mere dry bald enunciation of them, this system and no other should be adopted, we might well leave rhetoric to modulate his lips to the piping winds. But, as I have had occasion to remark for another purpose in the first of the following essays, we must take this world as we find it and speak to it in the only language it will listen to. Will any one assert, for example, that Macaulay's History of England, though its accuracy were as unassailable as that of Lingard's immortal work, and though it flattered the national pride of Englishmen even much more than it does, would, in less than one year, have run through a large number of editions, and been muliplied to twenty thousand copies, and been read by every one who could purchase or borrow it, if it had been composed in the style even of ordinary well written books? What we want are not so much good books, learned books, solid books, as books that, *together with* possessing these merits, possess also the merit of being readable by those who most require to read them. How perfectly all this is in accordance with the spirit of the Church, I might easily and abundantly prove, by a reference to those of her great writers who addressed themselves to the world at large, whose

light was not designed merely to illuminate the school and the cloister. Let the name of Augustine stand for all.

My sole object in what I have hitherto said has been merely to state facts. Nothing can be farther from my mind than to insinuate the slightest blame upon the Catholic body, or any portion of it, or any member of it. On the contrary, when I consider all the sufferings and privations we have so long been subject to, which the eye is weary of contemplating and the tongue of recounting, I greatly lean to the opinion that what we have done has been perhaps very nearly as much as we could have done. Add to this that the powers of so many of our most able and learned and eloquent men have been consumed in the endless passing skirmishes, which the position of the Catholic body against enemies so numerous, so various, so disciplined, so unscrupulous, so persevering, rendered absolutely necessary for them or others as well fitted as they, to engage in.

This is the first general evil which I notice in reference to the present and future education of the young literary mind of Ireland and to the formation of sound, deep, impregnable Catholic ideas on all matters that come in any degree into contact with

Catholic truth. The complete remedy of it is the creation of a new literature Catholic and classic; a work which many minds, and perhaps after a lengthened period, can alone perfectly accomplish. The long, wide, void abyss is there; some welling streams already sparkle through its caverns; I could only bring a few drops of muddy water to form the crystal sea.

The next evil which I have noted, and which in most cases is but an effect of the preceding, is this. The extraordinary fermentation of the public mind for many years, and, especially as regards us in this country, the general discussion which numerous and often widely differing causes have created upon the most momentous topics theological, politico-theological, politico-moral, have called into existence an immense multitude of speculations and theories, have produced a constant overflow of speeches, letters, pamphlets, books. I speak only of what happens among Catholics. Now many of these speculations and theories are tinged, spotted, all discoloured, some absolutely black with the hue of erroneous and even pernicious doctrine: nay some of those who take up what we may in general terms designate the cause of the Church, defend it upon unsound principles, upon principles directly

clashing with the practice or the doctrine of the Church, or in language harsh and scandalous to Catholic ears. I could cite many examples: one of these is plainly enough, though in a very subdued form, pointed out in the first part of the Essay on the endowment of the Clergy. I wish, for obvious reasons, to say as little as possible on this matter.

The evil may be cured, or rather a remedy may be *supplied* for the cure of it, by a series of dissertations on the numerous topics above alluded to—dissertations written in a style not disagreeable to intelligent readers, by one who has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the doctrine and spirit of the Church on each of those topics. Such, I have now plainly to state, is the principal aim of The Irish Annual Miscellany. A high aim and, as I can assure my readers it has been to me, an exceedingly difficult work. I trust, however, and indeed I earnestly beg, that no one will for a moment suspect me of the intolerable presumption of thinking that I have, even so far as my work has yet gone, attained my object. I have had indeed a grand picture before my imagination: but it is impossible that the most unfriendly critic of my book could represent more strongly than I feel,

how far my rude chalkings are below the great ideal which my heart desires but my hand is unable to realize. I have sometimes seen a weak bungling workman engaged in an occupation which baffled his efforts to bring to an end. A skilful and able looker on, from a sudden and natural impulse, snatches the tool out of his hand, and finishes the business with a few strokes. If my bungling attempts end in calling out better workmen, if my pasted tinfoil be torn off to make room for plates of gold, it will be an excellent ending.

The third fact which I desire to note is the existence of a small an *exceedingly small** party among us, who putting themselves forward as the great, the uncompromising, the out and out defenders of the Church,† scruple not to use the most unworthy means in the holiest of causes; scruple not to make lying statements, to circulate lying rumours among the people, to thrust forward unprincipled scoundrels or political adventurers or notorious unbelievers as the heroes and the ex-

* I trust that the words I have marked in italics will sufficiently warn my uninitiated readers from any rash conjectures as to the names of the individuals to whom I particularly allude.

† Appellations truly glorious, the just attribution of which I at present do not mean to dispute.

pounders of high Catholic principle; scruple not to ally the sacred cause of religion with some political fraud or humbug or madness of the day; scruple not——But let this suffice. I do not wish to give offence to any man: but I wish this to be distinctly understood, let there be no mistake about it, that I do not come out under the patronage, that I have not solicited, that I do not covet, the patronage of *any* party, and above all that I am not the parasite, the jackal, or the bully of *that* party. "I believe in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

I could wish to note a fourth fact suggested in the contents of this article at the head of the general Table of Contents. It is a new fact, that is rather new among us. I allude to the Provincial College in Cork, to the flippant, ignorant, arrogant, and most anticatholic lecture of Mr. Vericour, professor of modern languages, and to other pregnant proceedings connected with the opening of that establishment. My space however, is as the reader will observe, limited in this article; and, even if "ample room and verge enough" remained for me, a severe and protracted fit of sickness with which I was attacked after the rest of the volume had been printed and the greater part of this Intro-

duction written out, has utterly unfitted me for such an exertion. I may regret this the less as I expect to have in my second volume a lengthened dissertation in which I purpose to examine thoroughly, according to the measure of my abilities and knowledge, the whole of that very extensive, very intricate, and above all vitally important question of Education both primary and secondary; the Rights of the Church in reference to education; mixed education, &c. &c. The observations which I intended to offer here on "Bigotry," and which may grow into an Essay of some extent, are also for the same reason postponed.

I intended to throw into this Introduction several notes on one or two of the following Essays, and to explain my ideas on some points more clearly and distinctly. The causes already assigned compel me to omit all this.

In order not to give the book too learned and heavy an aspect, I have been in general very sparing of references and quotations. I am now of opinion that I have carried this principle too far. One quotation I certainly should not have omitted. It bears upon the first part of the next Essay and contains certain propositions of Wicliff condemned by the Council of Constance: they are as follow:—

Prop. 10. "Contra Scripturam Sacram est quod viri Ecclesiastici habeant possessiones." 32. "Ditare clerum est contra regulam Christi." 33. "Sylvester Papa et Constantinus Imperator errarunt ecclesiam dotando" 36. "Papa cum omnibus clericis suis possessionem habentibus sunt hæretici, eo quod possessiones habent: et consentientes iis, omnes videlicet domini sæculares et cæteri laici." 39. "Imperator et domini sæculares sunt seducti a diabolo, ut ecclesiam dotarent bonis temporalibus."

I have a few words more to add.

My object in introducing a considerable quantity of lighter matter into the volume needs no explanation, and will I trust meet the approval of all my readers, even of those whose individual taste would, like my own, prefer a different plan.

I do not purpose to carry on THE IRISH ANNUAL MISCELLANY beyond five or six volumes. Within that compass I hope to be able to say all that I have to say on the great topics which are to form the more important part of its contents. Having done this I shall say no more.

I have not been able to read over the sheets accurately for a table of errata. The following mistakes of the press or the pen are all that I have observed: no doubt several others exist.

Page	37,	for	*unwordliness,*	read	*unworldliness.*
„	136,	„	*hypocricy,*	„	*hypocrisy.*
„	151,	„	*received,*	„	*revived.*
„	171,	„	*consits,*	„	*consists.*
„	58,	read "Priests' Protection Society."			

And now, if my present volume is found to be one of promise and receives the encouragement of the public, I shall spare no labour to render its successors still more deserving of welcome and approbation. If it turn out to be but a windbag concern, the sooner it is gashed and kicked down to the realms of "grisly Dis," the better for the cause it professes to sustain, for the public and for myself.

Chapters on Church and State.

CHAP. I.

STATE ENDOWMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.

General Question.—Endowment of the Clergy not opposed to the spirit of the Christian Religion—Is in itself preferable to the voluntary system—The secular Clergy and the members of religious orders—Evils of the voluntary system—Digression on wealth of the Clergy—Poverty of the Apostles: St. Paul Archbishop of Paris—Luxury of a carriage—Arguments for the voluntary system—Promotes the intercourse of the Clergy with the people—Was the system of the primitive ages—Gives to the laity controul over the Clergy—These arguments examined and refuted.

Special Question.—Endowment of the Irish Church by the English government—Three modes thereof: only one of them to be considered—Leading objection to this endowment: danger of encroachment on the liberties of the Church—Distinction between a Catholic and Protestant government, how far taken into account—General spirit of civil governments—Avowed desire of English government to obtain controul—No essential practical difference between endowment without conditions and with them—Illustration—Danger not of heresy as such—Particular Churches may fail—Duty of self distrust—English statesmen: their ideas and principles—Some Clergymen not unfavourable to this endowment—Objection from parallel case of

Maynooth College—Protestant ascendancy—Sham arguments—State pension in France: how it works there—Testimony of the Bishop of Langres—Sufferings of Irish Clergy during the famine—Incomes of some inadequate at all times—Number of missionary priests greatly too small—How to remedy these evils—Conclusion.

State Endowment,

ETC. ETC.

This is one of the great topics of the day. Its importance cannot be overrated, the interest which it is calculated to excite is not likely to die out. Let no one persuade himself that the question is set at rest: it will come again and again, pressing more and more for a practical solution. It has been often enough used as a foil in mere party contention, and discussed on the principles of mere party politics. It has been also considered in its bearings upon the interests of religion in this country, upon the independence and happiness of both clergy and people. I need hardly say that, in the following reflections, I contemplate the question only in this latter view.

Let it be, first of all, laid down that a state endowment, provided even by a Protestant and hostile government, is not in any way opposed to the spirit

or letter of the Christian law, to the nature, the end, the duties of the Christian priesthood. In itself a thing indifferent, its working may be for good or for evil, or for both, according to circumstances.

The Church is indeed a spiritual society, but also human. She is spiritual in her end, in her attributes and supernatural endowments, in the bonds of intercommunion which unite her members together in one body. She is human, not only as consisting of human beings still in their mortality, but also because she must adopt human and visible means to accomplish her destiny. She has a promise of heavenly guidance and support, but must use her own endeavours to walk and work. Her Bishops meet in general council, and the Holy Spirit preserves them from error; but they are commanded to neglect not the ordinary means of arriving at a knowledge of the truth—study, discussion, mature deliberation: they have a promise of permanent infallible assistance, not of permanent infallible inspiration. The sacraments themselves, the perennial sources of her manifold life, are half material half spiritual; gathered from the slime of the earth, the living breath breathed into them from heaven. Bread, wine, water, the fleeting words of man's mouth, overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, bear the

fruit of divine grace. This earth is her inheritance. Where it yields not the means of working out her essential end, God will give them, though he were to send an angel from heaven for the purpose. Where it holds them in its bosom, she must search them out and dig them up, and shape them into instruments for her daily labour; and God will lighten her way and strengthen her arm. It is her's to use the elements of this world, its wealth, its poverty, its philosophy, its passive protection, its active support, its secret opposition, its avowed hostility, alike for her own great end, according as they lie in her way and promote that end. Her business is to sanctify the souls of men. Whatever means are in themselves lawful, and lawfully put into her hands, these she may use, and, as her wisdom directs, is bound to use. Changeless in whatever is of immediate divine institution, doctrine or morals or discipline or ceremony—she may, in all things else, adapt herself to the new social forms and feelings and wants and powers that grow up around her. Now in rags, now attired in the offerings of kings; now whispering the divine office through pale lips in caves of the earth, now chanting it in full-toned jubilee before tabernacles of gold; now without a place whereon to rest her head, now mistress of

wide domains; now teaching in quaint impoverished style, at which critics make merry, now in rich and classic diction; now devoid of all knowledge but that of Christ crucified, now steadying the banner of truth in the very heart of Aristotle's philosophy. Saint Paul would never eat flesh if it scandalized a brother; but he would have eaten it to edify him, as he circumcised Timothy and became all to all to gain all.

As I address myself directly to Catholic readers, it may appear strange to some that I should state these elementary truths, in a form which implies that I believe it necessary to state them. Yet it is, I regret to say, very necessary not only to state but to repeat and to explain them at much greater length. Of this so much for the present, more hereafter.

In the second place, it appears to me, as a general principle, certain, that a permanent, irrevocable, suitable endowment of the clergy is, in many important respects, the more favourable to the purity and efficiency of the Christian ministry. A church endowed and a church possessing great wealth are two very different things. I now speak only of the former. It is admitted on all sides that the Church should have a competent income, and the only question is as to the source from which that income

should be derived, or rather the means by which it should be secured.

The member of a religious order makes his solemn profession directly for his own personal santification: his only business, as a religious, is to save his own soul. A priest is ordained and appointed to a mission for the sanctification of others.* A state of evangelical poverty is undoubtedly the more perfect: it is better to wear coarse thin rags, for God's sake, and to live on a daily allowance, than to go about well dressed and possess an independent income. But the secular priesthood is a body of men scattered over the whole land, living not in conventual enclosure nor according to conventual discipline, but in the midst of the world, the light of it, the salt of the earth: their office is to instruct men, to gain them over to the ways of Christian virtue. We must consider how these ends are best attainable, not by angels ministering in an earthly paradise, but by men—divinely called indeed and divinely assisted, tried and trained, but still men, ministering to a weak and wicked world, eating and drinking with it, conversing with it, jesting and sporting with it, like St. Philip Neri, sympathizing with its

* See Suarez de Relig. Par. 2. lib. 1. c. 2. Concina de Sacram. Ordin. c. xi. n. 14, 15.

earthly sorrows, like the Irish clergy, and, like the same, rebuking its wild and aimless fancies, and bearing its sulky fits of temper. We must consider the world as it actually is, with the ideas, the prejudices, the infirmities, the virtues, the vices that actually exist in it: for this is the world we priests have to manage, and no other. We must also take the priesthood as it actually is, zealous and edifying, but not all eminently so; only a few endowed with virtue in what theologians call *the heroic degree;* only a few, like Xavier or Francis of Sales, or Charles Borromeo, or Alphonsus Liguori, leading a miraculous life, converting sinners by their very appearance in the pulpit: the body of them left to use the human means and the ordinary supernatural means which God puts into their hands; to carry on their work laboriously, slowly—plummet and line, mallet and chisel, stone upon stone, bit by bit, according to the measure of energy and time and success which, in the ordinary dispensation of Providence is allotted to each in the building up of the living temple. All this and more to the same purpose we must consider, and then ask ourselves—all things being as they are, will the interests of religion be best promoted, the end of the Christian ministry best attained by an endowed priesthood?

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The evils of the system of casual and fluctuating contributions or periodical collections, are numerous and undeniable. The eternal shaking of the box at the chapel door were often better dispensed with, the annual questing for Easter dues, the annual gathering of corn and other such means of revenue. They are, it is true, the wailing voices of a down-trodden Church, the sore bonds of her thraldom, and therefore her glory, for they testify her fidelity to God. She will bear with them and exult in them rather than desert HIM: she will be the chaste spouse and lie down in beggar's weeds and feed on garbage and offal, rather than be an adultress and sit at the tables of kings and share their diadems. Distrusting my own sense in such matters, I try to gather what it is the Church desires and leans to, from what she has done: and I find her always praying to be delivered from persecution, oppression, abasement, and returning thanks for her liberation. This is, I believe, her principle: she does not court hostility, she will avoid it, and even make sacrifices for this purpose in things not essential; but she will do her duty, and if persecution comes, she will brave it and bear it. Let individuals not only suffer patiently the crosses that are laid upon them, but, if God specially moves and fortifies them

thereto, let them look for occasions of new and harder suffering, as many of the saints have done. The case is different with the Church: she has to deal with sinners and saints, weak and strong, with those who are out of the fold and with those who are in it, and her work is to save all. I may desire humiliations and poverty for myself; I may not therefore desire them for others, still less for the Church. A priest may support himself by employing certain of his parishioners (not always trustworthy, as I know,) to collect pence for him at his chapel door on Sundays; by exacting or expecting (practically often the same,) stated sums for admission into particular parts of the building; or by sending his curates once a year round every house in the parish; and, if he cannot otherwise secure a decent competence, he does what is honourable to himself and to religion, he is making a profession of faith as good as if he carried the creed of Pius the Fourth written on his forehead. But if this system consumes much of the valuable time of the clergy: if it leads to a practice of wheedling and haggling about sixpences and shillings; if it creates an anxious look out for the price of to-morrow's dinner; if it generates a feeling of weariness and self-abasement and heartburning; if it be a strong temptation to

sordid habits, to early avarice and hard gathering; if, on the part of the laity, it creates, in weak or stingy or ill-humoured or overbearing persons, discontent and opposition; if it exposes the worthy pastor to the peril of speedy indigence, because, in matters of free opinion, he refuses to obey the dictates of a parish clique, or to take the guidance of some popular movement, in opposition to the dictates of his own reason and the guidance of his own conscience; if the system produces these and such results, then certainly another system that is free from them is, in so far, to be preferred. That in Ireland such consequences flow from what is called the voluntary system, not by physical necessity indeed, yet not unnaturally, not all in every place, nor any in some places, but some in many and in variable proportion and degree, and often enough, is undeniable—consequences, some of which a system of fixed endowment would render impossible, others very rare.

I am well aware of the extent to which the enemies of the Catholic Church have exaggerated and invented in this matter, and of the purposes to which these inventions and exaggerations have been turned. But if they lie, whose very theological creed has been mainly framed and supported on a falsification of ours, that is no reason we should lie too. If there

are certain defects and inconveniences in the financial economy of our Church, which in no way reach its spiritual economy, they have caused, who now ridicule them. If dirt sticks to the outer walls that surround the sanctuary, they have flung it there, who point the finger at it. They seized upon the riches bequeathed by ancient piety for the support and dignity of religion, and transferred them to a band of alien robbers who knew not the people as the people knew not them; and now they laugh and shout in derision over the desolation their own hands have wrought and the effects of it. They seated a harlot in the triumphal car, and chained the spouse of Christ to its wheels, and then mock her bleeding countenance and torn garments. They crowned her with thorns and spat upon her face, and then say there is no beauty or comeliness in her. But her beauty is from within and shines out, as the soul speaks, through a worn and furrowed countenance.

Some persons are very much afraid of the clergy becoming too rich. But, I again repeat, the question is not of the amount of revenue but of the manner in which it is obtained. I do not want the clergy to be too rich, nor, in the ordinary sense of the word, rich at all. I only want them to receive whether a mere competency or an abundance to su-

perfluity, in the manner most conducive to the freedom and dignity and efficiency and unwordliness of their ministry.

This cant turns up so frequently in the popular discussions of the subject of this article, that, though somewhat beside my immediate purpose, I may be excused for saying a few words upon it. I am no advocate for excessive wealth in individual clergymen, or for wealth much beyond their decent wants, or greatly out of proportion with the circumstances of the better class of people among whom they officiate. But in some places, not a few of your ardent lip-lovers of the Church, your admirers of pennyless priests, comfortable and independent themselves, with a considerable annual surplus, think it an excess of generosity to give yearly ten or twenty shillings towards the support of the clergy, and this too, after two or three rounds of "not at home" and "call again." They look grave and inquisitive and dark-browed, and take large notes if they hear that the priest of the parish has an excellent dinner every day. And no one needs a good dinner or deserves it better. For, while an idle, skipping ecclesiastic is a most unpleasant thing to see, the hard-working Irish missionaries are among the most hard-working men in the world.

Many of those who hold too strong notions as to the corrupting influence of money on the clergy, have, I believe, drawn them from a consideration of the English Protestant Church as by law established, or from what modern historians disclose of the state of the Catholic Church previously to the Reformation. Such persons I would briefly desire to note, first, that the present establishment is just what it is styled—a church by law established, and nothing more; that its wealth is odious, because it is possessed by men who do not work for it; because it was violently turned from the purposes for which it was originally given, the support of the poor, and of Catholic sanctuaries and cloisters, to deck out a state-begotten, withered changeling; because it is the trophy of victorious lust and sacrilege, and robbery and murder; because it is so often diverted, by those who share it most largely, to purposes so abhorrent from Catholic feelings, as in the case of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, who at his death bequeathed no less than seventy thousand pounds to his *wife*. Secondly, that sometimes one-half, sometimes one-tenth, sometimes not one word of what modern English historians relate of the old English Church, or of any old church, is deserving of credit. Thirdly, that

the same old English Church, at no late period of her existence, contracted a spinal disease, of which she has not, I think, to this day, been perfectly cured. She had strength but in her extremities, and not overmuch there: a blow from Harry's sceptre broke her back.

The Apostles had no carriages. Very true; but remember that the establishment of the Church was designed to be and was miraculous—not to be accomplished through the help of human agency but in spite of it; not through the influence of learning, philosophy, eloquence, genius, riches, rank, power, but against the influence of them all. This fact was designed to be, as it is, to the end of the world, one of the most powerful evidences of the divine origin of the Christian religion. Not by the natural efforts of man, but by the divine agency, was this religion founded, and extended, and preserved. This is the very argument against which so much of the ridicule of Voltaire and the learning of Gibbon was directed. The Church was first to conquer the powers of the world, to establish her dominion over them, by the sword of the spirit, and then to take them into her service and employ them for her own purposes—its intellectual endowments appropriated by her, its wealth bestowed upon her.

St. Paul was an apostle, traversed land and sea, laying everywhere the foundations of a new edifice, in the hearts of a pagan people whose feelings and ideas were so different from ours; raising the dead to prove his mission, and curing diseases where his shadow fell: wearing plain vestments in the celebration of mass, at a plain altar, preaching in an every day garb in somebody's great room. If St. Paul were Archbishop of Paris in the present day, he would officiate in an alb of the finest linen, fringed with costly lace, in a chasuble of glancing silk and damask and woven gold, his head covered with a mitre inlaid with precious stones, before an altar and tabernacle dug out of marble quarries a thousand miles away, and chiselled into beauteous form by the ablest artists in the world. He would preach from a massive pulpit of the cedar tree, cunningly carved. He would reside in his diocess, and have such a habitation and equipage, as the outward splendour of religion, the ideas of the age and the place would demand in one of the princes of the Church. Nor would he be less a holy and apostolic bishop; no more the vehement apostle consuming the whole earth in the fire of his zeal, but a venerable old man full of virtues and of years; adapting himself, in things indifferent, to the world as it is,

that, in other things, he might win it over to be what it is not; sometimes tolerating what he could not approve, that in the end he might save; watching with meek vigilance, and instructing all by the example of an unobtrusive saintly life.

But a carriage is a great luxury; so is a good horse to a country parish priest or curate; so is a well-dressed leg of mutton. Will you have your pastors to feed on roots and marrow bones, or trudge on foot to stations and sick calls? If a horse is necessary for a country clergyman, a carriage may be equally necessary for a bishop, who has a large diocess to visit, traverses bogs, climbs hills, and sleeps in strange beds for a great part of each year: it may be in some places equally necessary for his respectability. You would not have your bishop go about in a glazed felt hat and frieze body-coat? Why not? It would be much more comfortable? But it would not be so respectable. The whole thing consists in degree. Luxury, in such matters, is in a very great measure purely subjective. Boiled frogs are a luxury to Frenchmen; Italians eat snails from choice; Protestants love to dine on fish, which is an abomination to so many Catholics: when the allied armies occupied Paris the Cossacks swallowed the oil of the street lamps with intense

relish. Rich people who live well and contribute little to the poor-box or the priests, are among those who declaim loudest against the wealth of the clergy. I would to God that the clergy everywhere possessed not only decent but affluent competence. I know the evils that from excessive wealth often grow, from hoarded wealth almost always; but I know, also, that the evils of excessive poverty are far greater.

It is time to return to the specific matter of this essay.

Against the advocates of an endowed clergy it is objected that the voluntary system brings the pastors into closer and more frequent contact with the poor; that it compels the clergy to visit the people, to know each house in the parish, to become acquainted with its inmates. I could hardly believe that such an argument would be seriously advanced, but that I heard it urged often enough, and once, I recollect, by a gentleman in whose mouth it appeared inconceivably ludicrous.

Doubtless it is one of the primary duties of a pastor to know his flock, and, for this purpose, he must hold intercourse with them, and perhaps sometimes visit them; but I rather think that the object of pastoral visits is not generally best attained by

periodical calls for dues. In gaining over some people to virtue, it may be necessary to come into personal contact with themselves, not so, to come into contact with their purses. They say that a golden key opens many a heart: I believe that it is still more universally true that by a golden key many a heart is most securely locked from the inside. I wish this were otherwise: I wish Adam had not sinned, and that Eden had remained on earth; but it is not so ordained; we live in a fallen world, ourselves fallen. I believe that the pastoral intercourse of the clergy with the people would be more free, more frequent, more efficient, if the monetary relations between them were of a different kind. I am speaking of a Christian Catholic Clergy who have Bishops to govern them, God's grace to strengthem them, his law to enlighten them, his judgments to rouse them. I am ashamed to have said so much on this, and regret that I have felt it necessary to touch upon it at all.

Again, it is said that the first ages of the Church, during which she possessed no fixed endowment, were purer than are the later.

This proposition proves nothing, unless it can be shown that the absence of endowment contributed to the greater sanctity of earlier times, and the es-

tablishment thereof to the greater relaxation of our own. I believe not only that this cannot be shown, but that it is not true.

The Church had at first no fixed independent endowments. She gradually received them, gladly accepted of them, and jealously retained them, as long as she could. There were no clerical seminaries, no splendid temples, few golden chalices, in very early times. Has the acquisition of these things tended to the decay of piety?

The severe canonical penances imposed, in ancient times, on those who fell into certain sins had then, no doubt, a most salutary effect on the morals of the people; and, no doubt, because (among other causes) the continuance of these penances would have been attended with different results, the Church has totally changed or rather abrogated this discipline. If Mr. Rasp argues consecutively, he should desire a long black Lent for his declining years.

I have, of late years, come to distrust every day, more and more, much of the common reasoning from the "Old Almanack." The Church was content with the voluntary system, for she could not have any other: it worked well, for all things contributed to her perfection then. If the universal people were so far above us in Christian holiness, they were just as

far above us in the munificence of their donations to the Church and the poor. Bring back the general sanctity and the boundless and ungrudging generosity of the apostolic age, and we shall never hear another word about the utility of a legal endowment—so long as they continue. How many now would refuse to follow the example, while they no longer dread the fate of Ananias and Sapphira?

As to the fact of the extraordinary purity of the early ages, the nature of it is not at all set forth so clearly in the "Old Almanack," at least to those who read in running. I shall for the present confine myself to a few brief and perhaps suggestive remarks on the subject. In the first place, it is certain that, in matters of doctrine, the Church is at all times equally pure—as pure now under Pope Pius, as in the first century under Pope Peter. In the second place, though there may be, from time to time, a general decay of virtue, in particular provinces or kingdoms, yet it is certain that, through the universal Church spread over the world, there has always been and ever will be a large number of saints. In the third place, the fervour of a newly converted people is naturally more striking, enterprising, and observable, than of those who have been for a long time in possession of the faith. In the

fourth place, the persecutions which raged during the period of "primitive fervour," necessarily drew out and made public a great mass of heroic virtue, which, in peaceful times, like our own, would live and work and suffer unnoticed by the world. In the fifth place, such irresistible testimony to the divine influence of the Christian religion, as the general piety of its early professors afforded, one would expect to be given as a mark of the divine origin of that religion. In the sixth and last place—to make an end—history mainly records only public virtues and public vices, or the virtues and vices of great or of noted men. The chronicle of what passes in the universal mass is kept above; we mark but a few stray facts here. The defects of those about us we see: the defects of those who lived long ago are, like the smaller lineaments of remote objects, lost in the distance.

It is said that the Church is more glorious in times of persecution.

I have already touched on this subject. I have a little to add. The Church, that is the universal Church, is always glorious, always holy, always infallible. Particular churches have been planted, have grown, flourished, faded, rotted out.

The heroism of confessors and martyrs is shown

to the world in times of persecution. But think of the weaker brethren who fail therein and are lost. Persecution secured the crown for Sir Thomas Moore and for many others: but it also severed a mighty kingdom from the centre of unity and from the true faith. Persecution did not serve the cause of religion in England.

It is said that the voluntary system gives to the laity a direct and more effective control over the clergy.

Now this I conceive to be one of the evils of that system. If an afflicting scandal should occur, the constitution of the Church has provided the most efficient means of reparation and punishment, a simple process, an accessible tribunal. Indeed when cases of this kind, so rare amongst us, do occur, popular indignation is swallowed up in the more silent feelings of pity, shame, sorrow. We may be restless, ardent, agitating, unsteady: but even they who earn their daily bread by reviling us, render the highest tribute they can pay to our moral character, by not venturing to slander in this respect—the lie would be *so* gross, even against us. When a priest does fall, the censure of ecclesiastical authority reaches him far more quickly and crushes him far more heavily, than the angry denunciations of the

people. Of popular controul in such cases I do not speak.

It is to controul exercised in matters indifferent to the priestly functions, that I object: I allude especially, as of more easy occurrence, to political questions. Take, for instance, the case of the Repeal Agitation. A priest has come to the conclusion that a repeal of the Legislative Union between England and Ireland would be prejudicial to the interests of the latter, or, what is more likely to happen, that it is impracticable. Either of these conclusions has been adopted by clergymen as upright, as zealous, as disinterested, as warmly devoted to popular liberty and to the welfare of their countrymen, as any in the land. Now, a priest holding such convictions may conduct himself in one of the three following ways: He may keep his opinions locked within his own bosom; or, he may propose and discuss them, as he would any other open question, in social circles and in his daily intercourse with his parishioners; or he may proceed farther and engage in active and open opposition to the popular movement. In the latter case, if, by the mere weight of his clerical character and force of his clerical authority, if by denunciations from the altar, or other such means, he endeavours to thwart

and break down the united, strongly expressed, popular will, and thereby loosen the hold of religious affections on the hearts of the people, he does what is wrong, perhaps very pernicious. But the ordinary canonical channels supply an easy remedy against such misconduct. There can be no doubt that the Bishop has full power to stop the exercise of such unlawful despotism; and, in no case, would it be necessary to have recourse to the equally unlawful, more despotic, and, in its consequences, more dangerous proceeding of withholding the ecclesiastical revenues due to such a pastor.

If the clergyman adopts either of the two former courses, I would look upon any attempt to coerce him into a concurrence, by speech or deed, with the popular movement as a piece of abominable and unbearable tyranny. It may be sometimes not unreasonable on the part of the people to expect that the weight of their pastor's influence shall not be arrayed publicly against them, in a political agitation which they conceive, justly or not, tends to the improvement of their own social and political condition, and which clashes in no way with the principles of faith or morals. But that attempts should be made to compel clergymen, by withdrawing or diminishing their ordinary stipend, into a course of conduct

which their judgment condemns, is an evil so great, a tyranny so hateful, that even to be a government pensioner in the worst circumstances, is only more humiliating, oppressive, and detestable.

In every extensive peaceful political movement in Ireland, the great body of the clergy have always been on the side of the people; in truth, such movements could not have become general without them. Hence instances of this sort of popular tyranny have not been common, but there have been some. The most disgraceful circumstance connected with such cases of organised resistance to the payment of priests' dues as have come to my knowledge, was this, that those who took a leading part therein, while professing the Catholic faith, were among the habitual violators of the laws of Catholic morals and discipline; their own contributions to the clergy always among—if even among—the lowest; themselves not unfrequently unprincipled and scandalous reprobates.

Hitherto I have been mainly engaged in exposing the unsoundness of certain objections, sometimes urged against the expediency or even lawfulness of a State endowment, or any permanent endowment of the clergy. An army is strengthened by weeding its ranks of cowards and traitors; a good cause

is advanced by clearing from its course all sophisms, and untruths, and pretexts, purporting indeed to serve, but tending only to retard and dishonour it. It is to me perfectly plain and certain that, viewing the thing in itself, and apart from the consideration of local accidental circumstances, the endowment of the Church is most beneficial to religion, has been always most acceptable to the Church herself, the decided preference of it above the voluntary system in perfect accordance with her uniform teaching and usages. Of all merely human helps, I know of none that may be made the instrument of more unmixed good.

I now come to the consideration of the great practical question,—the endowment of the Catholic Church of this kingdom by the English government.

There are three ways in which the Church may be endowed. First, by an absolute and perpetual grant of landed property to be possessed by her with the same dominion and tenure as a private estate is possessed by its owner, or as her own property was possessed by herself in former times. I need not stop to consider this kind of endowment; there is no reasonable ground for hoping that any English government will think of supporting, even if able to carry, such a measure.

The second way is, by an annual pension, voted year by year, after the manner of the old Maynooth grant. This form is, I trust, about as much beyond discussion, as a proposal to adopt the vernacular tongue in the liturgy, or to abolish the law of clerical celibacy.

The third plan would be a settlement made, like the present Maynooth endowment, by Act of Parliament, permanent and unalterable as an Act of Parliament could make it. This is of course the only sort of endowment to be at all argued upon, as a practical measure. I suppose the most slavish Catholic in the land would not be content with less.

I moreover contemplate such endowment as unaccompanied by any conditions affecting, in the least degree, the exercise of episcopal authority, or the dignity and freedom of any portion of the entire hierarchy. In short, I suppose that ecclesiastical discipline and all relations—monetary alone excepted—of the members of the ecclesiastical body to each other and to the people would be left just as they are. I therefore suppose that the canonical independence of parish priests should remain undiminished—an object, in its details, of difficult accomplishment, and which, to be permanently

secured, would perhaps require some special intervention of the Holy See. I think this latter circumstance worthy of note, because I believe the canonical rights of parish priests to be one of the wisest, as it is one of the most ancient institutions of the Church; and, in talking over the question of endowment, from time to time, with members of the clerical body, I have invariably observed that they did not fully advert to the peril, to which these and other rights would be exposed, in the plan commonly considered as among the least objectionable, —that, namely, of having each bishop to receive directly the sum fixed for his own diocese, with power to apportion and distribute it according to his own judgment.

Even to a measure of endowment permanent, unqualified, leaving the economy of the Church, her internal and external relations as they are, the objections appear to me so strong, that I cannot contemplate the idea of its being adopted, without feelings of the greatest alarm and dismay. My reasons are these :—

I believe that an endowment, however unqualified in terms, and as existing in an Act of Parliament, would nevertheless in the actual and probably, or rather certainly, future position of things in this

country, and of its Catholic people in reference to the English government, produce all the effects of a pension accompanied with conditions, or of a pension revocable at will.

Of these effects, the two principal would be, a gradual encroachment on the liberties of the Church, and a complete stop put to the interference of the clergy in political affairs, not perhaps so much by extinguishing their political influence, as by intimidating them from its exercise. This latter result, I am aware, some Catholics, some most excellent, devoted, and pure-minded Catholics, would hail as a great blessing. I should be sorry, to support my own decided judgment, to influence, in either way, the judgments or the prejudices of others, on the momentous question of endowment, by reference to a matter so warmly disputed among the most honest and competent thinkers, a matter, until after lengthened and calm consideration of many principles and existing circumstances, so complicated and obscure. For this and other reasons, I shall, in what I have to say, waive all mention of this second effect, exclude all account and all thought of it from my mind. Only I shall add one observation, from which no unprejudiced Catholic will, I presume, dissent, that, whatever opinion may be held as to

the propriety of clerical interference in politics, of all possible means of preventing it, that of *government influence* is, to use the very mildest phrase, the least desirable.

To proceed to the consideration of the first effect. No man who is even moderately acquainted with the history of England and of Ireland, with the relations of Church and State in every kingdom in Europe, with the strong and persevering tendency in powerful governments to obtain controul in ecclesiastical affairs, to subordinate in all things the spiritual to the civil power, to make the machinery and the energy of the former a part and an auxiliary of the latter, to dog the steps of the Church and hold her with a fast girdle wherever she goes, to interfere, to introduce their own theories, to insinuate their own influence in all things wherein her power may be exercised, from the election of the Sovereign Pontiff down to the appointment of a village schoolmaster, from the legislative proceedings of a general council down to the training of the infant mind,—no one who is at all acquainted with these things can reasonably doubt that the English government, whatever may be the political principles of the party in power, would gladly seize on every opportunity of acquiring influence in

Catholic affairs, of consolidating and extending it. I am far from thinking that Government will confer no favours or grant no concessions, except with such views. I am, on the contrary, greatly inclined to believe that later English governments have, from time to time, acted sincerely on the principle of promoting the public good and the public peace, of satisfying reasonable demands and allaying just discontent, without any ulterior design—whatever might have been the ulterior wish—of seducing or dragging over the Church to their own purposes. I believe that the Emancipation Act was framed in this spirit. Links might have been fastened to it, with which others could be more easily connected, in the course of time: this was not done. It has not produced all the good effects expected, because too much was expected, because its provisions were not immediately and generously carried out, because its operation was obstructed by disturbing causes which subsequently came into existence.

I am not then one of those, who hold that all English governments of modern times mean evil, mean aggression, mean fraud to the Catholic Church, in *every* measure which they propose, having reference to that Church and its members. I know that of the great statesmen of England the immense

majority have acted as crafty, unscrupulous, cruel men towards Ireland and the religion of Ireland. But there have been exceptions, and it may be perhaps asserted that the prevailing spirit of our age has not tended to diminish their number. What I hold is this, that unprincipled rulers are not at all unlikely to arise, from time to time, who will do us all the harm they can; that even the honourable and well-disposed will gladly swallow us down or lick us up, if we lie in their way and they can do so conveniently. It is not necessary for me to suppose, what I do not believe, that all statesmen are villains, or, what I do believe, that not a few deserve this name, but simply that they are statesmen, and will do what statesmen in a similar position are everywhere doing and have so uniformly done from the beginning.

The truth is, that the question is not entirely, nor perhaps chiefly, between a Protestant Government and a Catholic Church. It is by no means unnatural that our English Protestant rulers should desire to have our Church subject to them, as much as their own is subject. But I would place as much reliance on the liberal and honourable spirit of any government that has held power in England, for the last twenty years, as upon some Catholic govern-

ments—so professing and so called,—the government of Portugal for instance.

There is no enemy so difficult to shake off, to combat, to conquer, as the professing Catholic, who has taken it into his head that it is good to tease, to humble, to enslave the Church. I am not at all sure that the state of the Irish Church pensioned by the English government would be much worse than the state of the French Church was under the sway and patronage of her Catholic kings and parliaments. What I would dread, in relation to the matter under consideration, is the influence of the secular rather than of the merely religious principle of Protestantism. The Protestant Church, as a mere church, and using only the proper weapons of religious warfare, can do us no harm. She may pray, preach, reason, publish books without number, appeal to Scripture, fathers, history; but all to no purpose. There is no such thing now as a real *bona fide* conversion from the Catholic to the Protestant faith. The drag-net of the priests' protection society sweeps in nothing but the tribute of the city sewer, rottenness, weeds, dead dogs, Solomon Frost and Dr. Beatty; her best and purest, Newman, Faber, and the rest, as they know us better come nearer to us, when they know us well, under God's grace,

become ours. The only danger to be apprehended is from the development of the two principles that lie at the bottom of her constitution, the rationalistic and the secular.

There can be no doubt that the English government very much desires to obtain a substantial influence in our Irish Catholic affairs. This is, I think, admitted on all hands; members of government have repeatedly and unequivocally manifested their sentiments in this direction; the tone of the government press is equally distinct. There have been for several years back numerous advocates for the pension of the clergy in books, pamphlets, reviews, magazines, newspapers, speeches: I never met one who did not, in some way, put this forward as the great end of the pension, to bind the interests of the clergy more closely with the interests of the state, or rather with the policy of its rulers; to obtain some new controul over the spiritual power. The only question that can be disputed is of the kind and extent of controul to be aimed at, and the sort of means to be used in securing it. No man with the book of human nature open before him, the book of the world's history, of Ireland's history, of England's history, of the history of English statesmen, will venture to assert that governments may

not arise, capable of grasping at any controul however hurtful to the liberties of the Church, which they can acquire by any means however unfair. But, as I have already said, it is not necessary to suppose such a case. The question still remains,—what will *any* English government—the most just of them—consider reasonable controul, what, fair means?

The difference between an act of endowment, in which objectionable conditions are expressly inserted, and an act, into which they are not formally introduced, is only a difference as to mode and time, in the establishment of government controul. The right of interference admitted into the terms of the contract, comes at once into operation and under its proper name; when not embodied in words, the assumption of it will gradually grow out of acts, which the operation of the contract will, as a matter of course, bring into existence. I shall make this intelligible enough, by selecting a case for example's sake. Suppose that the clergy are all pensioned, bishops and priests, in the manner we now contemplate. The mode of selecting candidates to be recommended to the Sovereign Pontiff, for vacancies in the episcopacy, remains as it now is: the government has no right to interfere, and,

for some time, will not interfere in any case, nor, at any time, in some cases. For six, ten, fifteen, twenty years, the pension has been paid punctually, blandly, fully. All things look calm and bright, "like the smooth surface of a summer sea." Who could have expected it? Where are the raven-throated augurs of evil now? Ere this we were to have been sucked into the abyss, or dashed upon the rocks, or lured away into forbidden tracks. Raven-throat saith no such thing, but thus he speaks continuing his example. A bishop dies, and a new one is to be appointed. Those likely to be recommended by the clergy are all most unobjectionable, on the score of learning, piety, and zeal; but there is one among them whom the government of the day would prefer—no matter what their motives of preference may be, we cannot often get into state reasons—but they prefer him. They will not use the least intimidation, nor will they directly canvass; it would be impolitic, as being unnecessary, to attempt either. I suppose all to be done in the most honourable manner; there are a thousand ways in which powerful and able governments can communicate their wishes, in the most persuasive form, without taking a single step that would, as the ideas of the world go, be considered harsh, or base, or

unfair. "Let us pull well together as we have been pulling so long. We do not wish to controul your free choice or your free opinion; we only like such a one better; perhaps in our predilections we are wrong; you are certainly the best judge, and it is in your own province: only, now we are mutual well wishers, with a friendship of some standing, we can of course talk together and say what we think on both sides: do as you please."

O, poor dear simple Father Peter, you are one of the best priests in Ireland; you work and pray, as if every day's work and prayer secured absolutely your final predestination; your parish is a little Eden of weekly communions and living rosaries: be not displeased with me if I think there are some not quite so impeccable as yourself, and that even you may do what *is* wrong, though you will not do what you *think* wrong. This is where the peril lies, that government interference is not a *malum in se;* that, in some instances, it may be no evil at all, but a positive good; that if you were sure it would not proceed beyond small beginnings and occasional cases, you might not think of it. But it augments itself by its own working, just as divine grace does in your soul. It creeps like "the ivy green"—the difference being that, when it has

grown up, and clasped the Church in its snaky branches, you cannot cut it at the root with a single blow, as you can cut the many-fingered plant that clusters about your cottage window. Lightly and merrily we rambled over the green hills, last summer, and laughed at the laughing sky; and in this cold December, we crouch, muffled and chattering, into a benighted room. The long bright days faded away gradually, and we did not feel them going; we did not feel that winter came, until the north wind fixed his frozen hooks in every fibre of our bodies.

But the Church will be on her guard against encroachments. I have sufficiently intimated that I do not suppose, and that it is not at all necessary for the justness of my views, to suppose that the pensioning of the clergy would produce its bad fruits soon, not even while the present generation of bishops and priests live. Nor are the evils which I dread those of infidelity or heresy, but *the restriction of the free action of the Church, in her own proper sphere, the usurpation or extinction of the exercise of her power, in some things, the hampering of it in more.* There is no taint of infidelity or heresy in the Church of Portugal; but state influence and tyranny have reduced her to a sad

condition. The Church will always guard and watch? Take care against confounding two things essentially distinct, the universal Church with a particular church. The former can never slumber, can never fail; not so the latter. Frightful abuses existed in our own Irish Church, in ancient times, even before the coming of the Norman. The primatial see was, for nearly two hundred years, held by a single family. The church lands were in many places seized by a class of laymen called *erenachs*, who were regularly elected by their respective clans. The relaxation of morals became such as might have been expected, in this state of usurpation and confusion. If we still hold the faith once delivered to us, if the morals of the present generation are purer than those of some past ones, we have to thank God's grace for this; our only security for the future is in the same divine assistance. God will always bestow upon us sufficient strength. But it is a clear, certain, defined principle of Catholic morality that, if a man throws himself freely and needlessly into the immediate occasion of sin, and remains there, he has no reason to expect the help that would otherwise be extended to him; God will desert him and he will fall. This is true of all men, of the Sovereign Pontiff as of the catechumen of

yesterday, of the hoary anchorite who never lost his baptismal innocence as of the hoary sinner who never recovered it since his early youth, of the martyr whose feet the lions licked in the amphitheatre as of the false Christian who turned Protestant to save his patrimony. It is true of all as of each, of many together as of individuals, of the whole Church of Ireland, clergy and people, as of any other Church, clergy and people. This is one of the general laws of God's supernatural providence in this world.

And now I will say it, there has been, for several years, a great deal too much of self-admiration and self-praise amongst us. Certain people sometimes talk, as if our national Church possessed within itself some peculiar and sure principle of indefectibility, and as if we believed, like some Jewish converts in the Apostle's time, that by right of blood and race, we had particular claims upon the special regard and protection of heaven, a privilege to enjoy the true faith, without danger of losing it. There are in our national character some qualities eminently noble and loveable, and there are some qualities just the reverse. The wonder is that so much that is excellent in the eyes of God and man still remains with us, that we are not like savages and brutes, that

so many ages of oppression—and *such* oppression—have left upon us, effaced indeed here and there, but still marked and glowing, so many of the lineaments of a noble race, of an ancient Christian people. Not to our Celtic temperament but to the influence of our holy religion is this due. Whatever men or demons could do to make us lower than men and like to demons, has been done; but the prayers of Patrick have prevailed, and the faith of Patrick. God hath done this, and it is the work of his hands alone. We are fallen in Adam like the rest of Adam's sons: we have the germs of every wickedness in our own hearts. I see no reason whatever for believing that, if we neglect the means of preserving the grace we have received, and so lose it, we may not become as demoralized and as devil-ridden as any other people; that we may not have September massacres, a worship of reason, a reign of madness, a reign of blasphemy, a reign of terror, as the Celts of France once so Catholic and so devout, have had. Among other things, we love to hear ourselves called the most patient people on the face of the earth. I think that we are far from being so, and that our outbreaks of impatience might be often rather numbered among our best moral virtues, if we only knew how to follow the guidance, to

submit to the controul, to possess the enduring energy of cool reason. It were better then to think of turning our eyes to the defects that still stain our character, that we may wipe them out; to the dangers that lie before us, that we may avoid them; rather than to the virtues that adorn us, that we may exaggerate them and take to ourselves the glory that is due to the Giver of them.

It may be said to me that I am too much haunted by the spectre of the past evil days of Ireland; that I do not sufficiently appreciate the change that has come over the spirit as well as the letter of modern legislation in regard to us; that I seem to forget that, for twenty years, our rulers have been, not the heartless Castlereagh, the bigoted Liverpool, but enlightened, humane and liberal men.

I gladly admit that the extension of political liberty and the progress of the political equalization of all classes have been considerable, within the period specified; that Protestant ascendancy, though still flourishing in most of its ancient strongholds, has been shorn of some of its power, is not *quite* so intolerable as it used to be; that our English governments have sometimes exhibited a kind, conciliatory, and liberal disposition towards Ireland, and have (as statesmen go,) numbered amongst their

members some of the best men of the age. But how long may this state of things last? These men live not for ever, and, even while they live, may be succeeded in power by a new race of statesmen possessing very different qualities both of head and heart. If history teaches any lesson it is this, that nothing is more uncertain than the permanence, in all things, of the one form of state policy, especially in a great empire like that of England, the elements of whose power and splendour are so dissimilar and separated so far asunder, in whose government and legislature the line of conduct is so much regulated by the course of events, and by the pressure of many influences conflicting or combined, which a free constitution nourishes and sanctions. Consider the political career of the greatest of living statesmen, the wariest, the coolest, the least liable to act from impulse or from the charm of novelty. Compare the Sir Robert Peel of thirty years ago with the Sir Robert Peel of this day. Suppose that another Lord Palmerston arose to preside over our home policy, &c. &c.

But my principal answer, sufficiently intimated in what I have already said, is this. I do not ground my opinion on the supposition that English governments will, upon system, and as a matter of course,

take every means in their power of rooting out Catholicity from this land, of destroying the faith and morals of the people. Let it be granted that they will not at any future time do what plainly appears to them a grievous wrong to us, break their plighted faith with us, wage a secret and deadly war against all we hold dearest. That such things, though possible, are not probable, are most unlikely to happen, certainly will not happen, I am willing to suppose. I would rather understate than overstate. Still the question already asked returns—what will they think fair? what honourable? what for our good? what for the general good? what for the interests of the particular party in power? The principles of morality held by English governments (I now suppose that they will uniformly act on their own professed moral principles,) are not those of the Council of Trent. Their views as to what constitute true religion, true Christian morality, the means of Christian virtue, are as different from ours, as are the ethics of Luther from the ethics of Suarez. So are their views of the nature and end of a Christian church, the nature of the sacerdotal office, its requirements and its duties. The notions prevalent amongst them as to the constitution, functions and power of the Church are directly opposed to ours:

our theory of a church appears to them as the very excess of absurdity and superstition : it is to them a source of never-ending wonder, how able, learned, acute-minded men so firmly hold such a faith, can be ready to die for it; and their great writers make out a strange philosophy, to account for a phenomenon so strange. Not a few of them have thought that many among us, having acquired a high degree of culture, cease to believe as other Catholics believe, lose what we would call the simplicity of the faith, and become Catholics much in the same sense in which Dr. Whately is a Trinitarian. They do not understand, they do not appreciate our religious system, and they cannot. Let them be as honest, as well disposed as you please, you cannot give them a Catholic mind, a Catholic heart. They are intimately persuaded that the very best service they could render us would be to assimilate our religious faith, our religions institutions, our religious ideas and feelings as nearly as possible with their own : I do not mean to Protestantize us, to Calvinize us, but to Gallicanize us, to Jansenize us, to secularize us, to make us think less of priests, beads, crosses, miracles, long pilgrimages, long prayers, and more of what they call enlarging the mind, the useful arts and sciences, rational piety.

To place our whole hierarchy—bishops, parish priests and curates—in such a fixed position, that such governments would come into such delicate relations with it, would hold it bound by such ties of gratitude, enjoy such permanent power of controul over it as a pension-endowment necessarily implies, seems to me to be a step too perilous for any existing necessity to justify.

And then they are statesmen—Catholic or Protestant, it matters not so much—they are statesmen, trained in that school wherein the art is learned of using men as instruments, of watching opportunities and seizing them, of estimating the lawfulness of means, to a great degree, by their fitness for attaining an end, of undervaluing the obligation of engagements which may be violated without inconvenience, of forgetting promises, when the pressure under which they were made is removed, of concealing strong emotions and daring purposes under an indifferent exterior, of concealing one design under words that imply another or imply nothing. It is a common assertion of English Protestant writers and of a certain class of writers not Protestant in France and elsewhere, that the polity and training of the Jesuits gradually mould the mind into a state of perfect coldness and hardness, into the sin-

cere conviction that the means justify the end, that dissimulation and trickery, secret plotting or open violence, may be resorted to, when the great interests of the order are at stake. I need not express any opinion here as to the truth or falsehood of these charges. They at least who prefer them or believe them must not expect me to believe that, if out of the two year's noviciate and the spiritual exercises and the Directorium and the Industriæ, and the daily mass and prayer and meditation, and the yearly retreat, such a system and such characters spring, we may expect nothing but what is pure and honourable and veracious and undesigning from the noviciate and Directorium and Industriæ that produced Burleigh and Cecil and Strafford and Sunderland and Walpole and Pelham and Castlereagh. I hold with a firm faith many doctrines not directly demonstrable by reason; but this is a saying *so* hard, who can believe it?

There is a considerable number of the Irish clergy, who entertain opinions not unfavourable to a state endowment, such as I am now considering. This I know from my own personal intercourse with individual priests, and from testimonies above all suspicion. The fact is certain, it is impolitic to conceal, and wrong to deny it. Let the whole truth

come out, in this matter and in every matter that is a proper subject of public discussion, and is brought fairly under public discussion. I will never ally myself with falsehood or faction or fraud or humbug; and if the cause I adopt cannot be sustained except by the help of such auxiliaries, I abandon it.

Among the clergymen to whom I have alluded there are men as able, as learned, as zealous, as disinterested, as much endowed with every manly and every priestly virtue, as any of those with whom they differ. In discussing this question with some of these gentlemen, I have been occasionally pressed with an argument from the Maynooth endowment.

Maynooth is now supported exclusively by a state endowment made permanent by act of parliament: what objection can be urged against a similar endowment of the whole body of the clergy, which does not apply with equal force to this? If in one case the governnment grant has been asked and accepted, without apprehension of danger, why may not a similar grant be accepted, in the other case, with as little apprehension. The endowment has worked well in Maynooth; why may it not be hoped to work as well in the whole Irish Church. O learned professors, are you alone of the Irish Clergy to be safely trusted with the gold of the consolidated fund?

The two cases, at first sight apparently so similar, are nevertheless totally and fundamentally different—and different especially in the very points in which resemblance would give weight to the objection. The main grounds, on which I apprehend danger from the pensioning of the clergy, do not exist, and cannot exist in the case of the Maynooth endowment.

1°. Maynooth subsisted for fifty years, and, but for Sir Robert Peel, might have subsisted for fifty more, on an annual revocable grant. Would the Clergy of Ireland accept a provision on such terms?

2°. The professors of Maynooth are not paid as clergymen at all. They are paid not for administering sacraments or discharging any other priestly duties, but for teaching theology, philosophy, languages and the rest. They are paid just as the professors in the new provincial colleges will be paid: their professional incomes are to be considered as ample or as small, not in comparison with the incomes of the parochial clergy, but in comparison with the incomes of the professors of other large academical institutions such as Oxford or Cambridge, or in comparison with the price of literary labour in this empire. They are altogether exempt from the care, ordinary or delegated, of souls; they have no pastoral connexion whatever with any

parish; their office does not require the exercise of any pastoral functions.

3°. But the great, the vital distinction between the two cases is this, that, supposing the government of some future day to make attempts at acquiring undue and dangerous influence in Maynooth, the College itself might suffer, but the Church of Ireland, so long as she remains unpensioned, can be in no way affected thereby. What *can* any government desire or accomplish in regard to this institution? To have a number of professors friendly to government views, to government encroachments in ecclesiastical concerns? But it is impossible they should succeed in this, without the consent of the trustees and the connivance of the existing heads of the College. So long as the Church is unpensioned, this consent or connivance they cannot have. They may repeal or threaten to repeal the act of endowment. What follows? The College is broken up, or thrown upon the resources of voluntary contributions. A great calamity, I admit, this would be, but differing altogether, in degree and in *kind*, from the evils apprehended from the pensioning of the clergy. The salaries of the professors might be curtailed, the students should live upon their own means, the magnificence of the establishment, as a

great literary institution, might sink; but the freedom of the Church would remain untouched. Yet the case I suppose is an extreme one, impossible and absurd.

Let me suppose that efforts were made to intimidate or seduce professors into teaching and inculcating jansenistical theories of the Church, and of its relations with the civil power and with the Sovereign Pontiff. The supposition is a most absurd one, but I make it to test the validity of my reply. In this case, the trustees can throw up the grant, or a professor can throw up his chair and retire into a parish. But if the whole secular clergy are, for the space of forty or fifty years, in the receipt of a state pension, how can they at once break with the government and sever the links that bind them to it? Whither can they betake themselves save into the retreat of bare bones and rags? "Our faithful people will stand by us." Our faithful people will do no such thing. I utterly deride the idea that, in such an extremity, we have fair grounds for trusting in such an alternative.

I again repeat that the danger which I dread in the state endowment of the priesthood, is not from the inroads of heresy or speculative errors of any kind, but from a narrowing of the Church's liberty,

an intermeddling in her own proper affairs. Suppose that these influences were to come into operation, that they do at this moment actually exist in Maynooth. So long as we have perfect freedom in teaching sound doctrine and training up the candidates for the priesthood in the quiet course of discipline marked out for the purpose, I see no grievous inconvenience that would result from the restriction of our liberty in other respects, except the inconvenience, intolerable enough, to ourselves personally. A score of clergymen are obliged to wear a dumb-bell fastened to their necks, as long as they reside within certain precincts, which precincts they may abandon whenever they please and thus regain their freedom. A very insignificant evil compared with that of having all the bishops and priests of the kingdom similarly fettered and without a city of refuge to fly to.

I would not have dwelt so long on this inference from the Maynooth endowment, but that I have frequently observed that a great deal of weight was attached to it.

It is I think becoming and just that I should state here that I know not, and that I do not recollect to have ever heard, of any attempt whatever having been made to obtain undue influence in Maynooth

affairs ; and I am firmly persuaded that there is no rational ground of apprehension for the future. I think of the English government what, *in kind*, I think of any other modern government, Catholic or Protestant, of an empire so great and necessarily so much ruled and kept together by the deepest diplomacy—that, with respect to the Church, it is not above suspicion, and that its encroachments on the freedom of the spiritual power should be watched, anticipated, resisted. But when the state acts honourably and generously towards the Church, let it receive the full expression of gratitude and praise.

In one word, I believe that, while the Irish Church is unpensioned, she possesses within herself the power to resist aggression or escape from it, whether attempted through Maynooth or in any other way : pensioned, she loses that power. While the root of Sampson's might was untouched, he broke the bonds that were tied round him, as a man would break a thread of tow ; when his head lost the crown of his strength, he was seized, and his eyes were pulled out, and he was shut up in prison and made to grind at a mill.

And this is my main objection to the State Endowment—danger to the liberty of the Church. I emphatically maintain that the present voluntary

system is attended with much evil, that it is not at all desirable in itself, or in comparison with the endowed system. But I believe that the latter cannot be established, in this country, without the imminent danger of a sequence of evils differing altogether in kind from any felt in the actual condition of things, evils immeasurably more terrible, inconveniences immeasurably more galling. The choice is between two evils, both real; but one of which we know, in its full extent, and can bear and perhaps mend; the other we have not experienced in ourselves, but we know its calamitous effects elsewhere and in other times; compared with these, all that we now endure are liberty, peace, prosperity, health, and benediction.

A second grave objection I have against the pensioning of the clergy—an objection, however, which may any year lose all its force, as the ground on which it rests may any year be taken away. I think that a State Endowment of the Catholic priesthood would confirm and perpetuate in Ireland one of the worst, if not the very worst, of the evils of past evil times, an abomination unequalled in its own kind in the history of the civilized world, the source of so much bitterness, of so much iniquity, of so much tears and blood in former days; preserving, as long as it is permitted to last, the ran-

cour it first so largely contributed to generate, the spirit of social disunion and strife, the division on the same soil of two distinct nations, two hostile parties ever warring against each other; not the just separation of Church from Church, not the legitimate struggle of creed with creed in fair argument by the legitimate shewing forth of their respective claims to a divine origin, but on one hand a mere secular, state-privileged, steel-girded, power-inflated domination of a favoured minority, with the profession and show of a mere Christian society, and on the other, all the discontent and hate and other bad effects which such a domination cannot fail to produce in such a majority. It is unnecessary to say that I allude to the ascendancy of the Established Church.* I do not mean that if the Catholic clergy

* "I have always compared the Protestant Church in Ireland (and I believe my friend Thomas Moore stole the simile from me) to the institution of butcher's shops in all the villages of our Indian empire. 'We *will* have a butcher's shop in every village, and you, Hindoos, shall pay for it. We know that many of you do not eat meat at all, and that the sight of beef-steaks is particularly offensive to you; but still a stray European may pass through your village, and want a steak or a chop: the shop shall be established, and you shall pay for it.' This is English legislation for Ireland. There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, in all we have heard of Timbuctoo."—Sydney Smith. *Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.*

received and accepted a state provision, a similar provision should not be made for the Protestant clergy: but I would have it made in the same manner—annual stipend for both, permanent grant for both, landed endowment for both or for neither: I would also have it divided in just proportion—gladly admitting however that allowance should be made for a married clergy as such above that required for a celibate clergy as such. Anything beyond this is ascendancy, and to Protestant state ascendancy I for one shall never tamely and contentedly submit.

This is a wide subject. To enter at large into the facts glanced at in the last paragraph is needless; my principle is sufficiently intelligible.

A third objection commonly proposed is, that a state pension would alienate from the clergy the affections of the people, would create distrust and suspicion in the minds of the latter, would diminish or destroy the clerical controul so often exercised with so much salutary effect on the lower orders. I do not admit the force of this objection except in either of these two conditions, that the endowment were actually followed by the encroachments on the Church's freedom, of the danger of which I have already spoken, and that these encroachments were

acquiesced in by the Church; or that the endowment were arranged by a kind of bargain, in which the clergy, expressly or virtually, engaged to join with the government in their policy in temporal affairs, whatever that policy might be. The latter supposition is less revolting than ludicrous; the former identifies this objection with the first.

If it so turned out that the endowment did not really affect the liberties of the Church, I believe that the influence of the clergy, for all good, would remain substantially what it is, perhaps would be augmented, or, if it fell, the shock certainly would not come from this cause. The just, the well-founded clamours of the people should be dreaded and avoided. But clamour which grows out of a delusion and is got up for a purpose, though not needlessly to be encountered, is yet for a weighty cause to be confronted and resisted. The way to meet a false alarm is to meet it openly and combat it manfully with the weapons of reason. I have great faith in the ultimate success of right and truth, when well arrayed, over the unreasonable and tumultuous passions of a Christian people whose moral principle is not corrupted at the root. Is this state endowment, as I firmly believe it be, pregnant with peril to the liberty of the Church and

with all the evils that necessarily flow from a diminution or destruction of that liberty? Then let it be resisted absolutely, resisted courageously, resisted to the last breath, but resisted on this ground, and on this alone, or on any other true ground, if another such there be. But let it not be said that Old Ireland is opposed to it, or Young Ireland is opposed to it, that repealers are against it, or courtiers are for it, as if it were a mere party question between them. Depend upon it, this kind of cry will not do at this day; it has now no vitality, it is fat flaccid flesh without bone or muscle. There was a man who could have given both to it, as far as mortal man could give. But he is gone, and we shall not look upon him or his like any more again. His sword is laid in his coffin with him, none other may grasp or wield the giant's weapon. As great men are passing away, so pass the age which they helped to mould, the system they invented or discovered to work by, the ideas that were to them as a spell, the magician's wonders gone with himself—

"Like talisman
Found in some vanished wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began
Whose charm with him extinguished falls."

The only great popular power in the country now

is the power of the universal clergy, nor is it quite clear how much even this power could of itself at present effect. But of one thing I have no doubt, that if the clergy should unanimously accept the pension, there will be neither tumult nor disaffection worth naming. Vague mutterings may be heard for a while from the giant in his half slumbers; but he will not start to his feet nor seize his club, and by-and-by he will become silent and satisfied. Alarms of popular disaffection, threats of popular indignation, are worse than idle. Honest discussion and reasoning among ourselves is the best way to secure us against the apprehended danger. The whole matter rests with the clergy and with them alone: when they have decided on taking their part, the people will think and care far less about the matter than many suppose.

The system of State Endowment as it is established in France is sometimes referred to. On the working of this system we have the judgment of a witness whose testimony possesses a singular weight, from the position he occupies, from his rare abilities, his profound learning, the impartiality and moderation of his sentiments. Mgr. Parisis Bishop of Langres, now a member of the National Assembly, published, a few weeks before the Revolution

of 1848, a small pamphlet on a portion of the all-important topic of the relation between the great unalterable principles of Catholic theology and the new institutions systems and ideas of the new world in which we live, so very different from the old one in which the old scholastics, casuists, and canonists wrote. It is a book of small dimensions indeed, and small pretensions, but of very great merit.

It may be useful for the purport of this article and cannot prove uninteresting, to give a brief outline of the general principles of the essay on "The Separation of Church and State," in which the testimony to which I have alluded is found. After several pages of preliminary observations on the Concordat of 1801 between the Holy See and the French government, the Charter of 1830, and the mode of nominating to vacant sees in France, he proceeds to state that the separation of the Church from the State may be understood in two very different senses.

First, these two powers may be disunited by mutual discords and dissensions. This is the kind of disruption, evil and calamitous in itself, which the Sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI condemned in his Encyclical of 1832.

Nevertheless, it is in perfect harmony with the

doctrine of the Encyclical, with the uniform doctrine of the Holy See, to maintain that it may be sometimes the duty of the Church to resist the State and break with it. Peace with the State or the protection of the State cannot be purchased at the price of the essential liberties of the Church. Apart from those cases where resistance is a duty, it is nothing else than an elementary Catholic doctrine that both the clergy and people are obliged to desire peace in all things, peace in the State itself, and concord between it and the Church.

Secondly, the two powers may be distinct and mutually independent, without being opposed to each other; as in a family it often happens that certain divisions of right, certain kinds of separation, are necessary to preserve harmony among its members. Not this partial separation, but complete and absolute disunion is condemned by Pope Gregory. To what does this partial separation, this exemption from state control and interference, extend? To two points, the doctrines of the Church and her internal government. Under the head of doctrine is comprised the perfect freedom of religious instruction. Under the head of internal government are comprised the temporalities of the Church, which should be possessed by her altogether independently

of the State, and her legislative functions, which she should be allowed to exercise with perfect freedom, according to the provisions of the canon law, and, in spiritual things, according to that law alone. These topics the learned bishop discusses at some length.

It is in treating of the temporalities of the Church that the passages occur which reveal to us the condition of the French Church under the system of government pension. The following extracts comprise the principal of them :—

"We require that the Church, so far as her own proper government is concerned, be separated from the state, completely in her legislative functions, and, as far as possible, in her temporalities.

"It must be acknowledged that the concordat, for which, in all its parts, we entertain the deepest respect, has thrown the support of the clergy into the hands of the government, and that the latter has, by successive encroachments, succeeded in taking entirely to itself the property of the presbyteries, sees, seminaries, churches, &c. The result of this is, that the Church, as contrasted with the state, occupies an inferior and dependent place, which threatens to sink deeper and deeper into servitude ; while the state, as contrasted with the Church, has taken the attitude of an offensive supremacy, which

is daily more and more plainly developing itself into a despotism.

"It is idle to tell us that the spoliations of the Reign of Terror have thrown upon the government the duty, in strict justice, of providing for the temporal wants of the Church; that the sums set apart for this purpose are but a very inadequate reparation for those enormous spoliations; that the state, in this matter, only acts according to her own proper laws; and that the grants made to religion, the moral instructor of the people, are thereby dedicated to the primary interests of the state itself. Clear and admitted as are these propositions, it is nevertheless a fact that, in our actual condition and in this material age, the power which is in temporals the patron will ever hold itself as above the power patronized.

"This is a fact which a consideration of the conduct of the government leaves no room to doubt. From the economy of a village chapel up to the great diocesan establishments, wherever the Church asks assistance from the civil authority, and especially assistance in money, she, by this act alone, always loses something of her independence and dignity.*

* "We make, in this matter, a wide distinction between the assistance given officially by a state authority without faith, and

"The public and humiliating refusals to which the Church thus exposes herself, and which in effect she too often meets; the odious reflections, the haughty replies, the arbitrary disdainful and gross treatment by which she is made to purchase the little that she gets, compromise and degrade her in the eyes of the unreflecting multitude, &c."

the free oblations of the faithful. The latter are fruits of faith and marks of gratitude, and, so far from diminishing the respect, their tendency is rather to increase the affection of the people for their pastors. Moreover, the Church has at all times recommended those offerings. But official grants, solicited and obtained by the Church, whether from a minister of public worship or a municipal council, testify only the dependence of the weaker and poorer on the stronger and richer. The same is to be said of fixed grants from the government to the clergy, grants which, in spite of the most conclusive explanations, will always be looked upon as *salaries*, and consequently will always establish in the minds of the people the pernicious distinction between the payer and the paid, which exists between the employer and employed, between master and servant. This confusion of things is, doubtless, absurd enough; nevertheless we may rest assured that the fixed pension of the clergy, as well as the help given by government for the different wants of public worship, powerfully contribute to make such notions appear reasonable. Moreover, the Church never accepts this condition of affairs unless in extreme cases, such as that of France at the period of the concordat of 1801. To submit to such a condition, so long as it is considered necessary, is plainly a dictate of prudence as well as a duty of conscience. But to represent such a state as satisfactory, tranquillizing, leaving nothing to desire or dread, is what we could never sanction."

It is full time to bring this long article to an end. On one point we have yet some words to add. The voluntary contributions of the faithful have been, during the recent period of distress, considerably lessened in many parts of the kingdom, and so much reduced in certain remote districts, that clergymen, both parish priests and curates, have hardly had the means of an ordinary decent subsistence: nay cases have been mentioned, in which some could with difficulty procure food of the vilest description sufficient to preserve life.

I trust, and indeed I have good reason for thinking, that there has been a great deal of exaggeration in the more afflicting statements in this matter. Still if even one of these statements is founded in fact—and I have no doubt that some of them are—it is an unspeakable disgrace to the wealthier among the Catholic laity of this country. What comes of all your grandiloquent boastings about your attachment to your clergy, about your ancient Catholic glory never clouded and never sunk until this day? What of all your strong denunciations against a salaried priesthood, a government priesthood? Is it, then, so true, what they say of us, that we are a nation of braggarts and talkers; that we are ready to make the hills shake with our acclamations, and

will not stir a little finger to work, when there is needful and practicable work before us? Is it then to be recorded in the annals of this dismal period, that, in the west and south of Ireland, some of your "beloved clergy," as you are wont to call them, were reduced to the very edge of starvation, and others constrained, from want, to emigrate, and that, among the laity in more prosperous districts, no effort was made to prevent the shame?

Even in ordinary times, when no particular distress prevails, while here and there one or two priests enjoy an income not only large but what would be called exorbitant, there is no doubt that a large number, especially of curates, live in a state of downright poverty, are obliged to put up with lodging, food, clothing of the most miserable description. A far worse evil is this, that in very many localities the number of priests is so small, that it might be increased twofold, threefold, fourfold—a superabundant share of labour still remaining for each. The results are, first, that a large proportion of the clergy are overburthened with work and early broken down by excessive toil. To become a missioner in certain parishes in Ireland is like taking up a residence in the 'white man's grave.' Secondly, after all, an immense mass of spiritual

destitution exists, which, with the present number of clergymen, no human energy is capable of relieving. I could draw a harrowing picture of some parishes, where the clergy labour with the zeal and perseverance of truly apostolic men, and where there remains as much more to be done as none but a great apostle could venture to address himself to with a hope of accomplishing. If we had twice as many working clergy as we now have, we should still need more.

Now this is a condition of things that cries out for reform. And it is in our own power to bring about a thorough, universal, immediate reform. No act of parliament is required for this purpose, no loud agitation. Let an association of respectable lay Catholics be formed in Dublin, or in any other of our great towns, like the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, or the Society of Saint Vincent of Paul, and establish an organized system of permanent annual subscription, in every parish capable of contributing through the whole kingdom, for the purpose of forming what might be called the "Fund of Holy Church," or by any other Catholic title. Let the subscriptions thus raised be handed over to the bishops at each of their yearly meetings, to be by them distributed, to increase

the incomes of the poorer clergy, in proportion to their respective wants, and to furnish the means of increasing the number of missioners where most required.

This scheme is obvious enough, and has probably occurred to hundreds of others; if it has not the charm of novelty, it has the far better charm of being practicable. Some time has elapsed since it first fixed itself strongly in my mind, and the more I have considered the more easy does it appear to me of accomplishment. I have not space to answer objections: I have weighed them all, and I see nothing in them but the fumes of an irresolute head. The old Catholic rent, the O'Connell tribute, the repeal rent, the subscriptions for the propagation of the faith, &c. &c., are a practical answer to every difficulty. And observe that, in this particular matter, there is no ground for division of feeling within the Church. It touches the prejudices of no class; it has no connexion with any question, social or political, on which Catholics are or may be divided. It appeals to purely religious sympathies, wherever they exist, in the titled and rich as well as in the lowly and struggling.

The people are poor? The distinction of poor and rich has existed always, and, I suppose, will

exist always and everywhere: even in England there is such a thing as poverty. But there is far more poverty, both as to intensity and extent, in Ireland than elsewhere? This is a very reason for trying to realize the project I contemplate. The people are poor, but not all so: there is a sufficient number in every province able to make, without even diminishing their luxuries, small annual loans to the Church, which, put together, would form a handsome dowry. How many Catholic farmers in the diocess of Meath, for example, to whom a subscription of two shillings, five shillings, ten shillings a-year, would be felt no weightier than a subscription of so many pence? How many Catholic gentlemen of private fortune, how many professional gentlemen, how many merchants, shopkeepers, masons, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, strolling pedlars, venders of quills feathers bones old rags, all sorts of people, who would give from one shilling or half a shilling up to twenty or forty? I know the great majority of the people could not give, and many who could would not: but how many who both could and would? All that is wanted is a strongly framed organization, extending and fixing its multitudinous fibres in every parish and townland, in every Catholic house from whose chimney-

tops the fat smoke rolls thickly up at meal time. There are but few such in Ireland? Few indeed, not worth counting in comparison with their number in other lands; few indeed, in comparison with the number from which the tiny vapour—if it be seen there at all—steals gaunt and sickly-seeming, like the departing ghosts of the tenants within; few indeed, but enough for this business. Look not to what you have not, but to what you have. When the sea kings last descended upon our shores, long ages ago, how few met them in battle compared with the many who remained at home—but they were enough. What is wanted is organization wisely conceived, skilfully formed, vigorously managed—for remember ever the great principle, that, even in the work which heaven's blessing alone can bring to a happy issue, we must labour our full share. And for this organization, what is wanted is *even* one man to begin and persevere, a man of strong faith and pure heart, setting to the task, according to the maxim of Ignatius, with as much earnestness as if success depended on his own unaided exertions, and with as much diffidence in himself as if he could not advance a single step without the assistance of heaven, but, before all things, penetrated with the deepest love and reverence for the Holy Church, and

attempting nothing save in accordance with her laws and her spirit, and under her benediction. Many examples occur to me, on a smaller or larger scale. I shall select one, because the individual prominent therein is now no more—"Dicit sermo divinus, ne laudes hominem in vita sua; tanquam si diceret, lauda post vitam magnifica post consummationem." I allude to the late Father Hand, of the College of Foreign Missions, near Dublin. He was a person of but ordinary abilities, utterly devoid of showy or attractive talents. But he had a spirit of Christian humility and meekness, such as I have never seen surpassed, if I have ever seen it equalled, in any human being. His humility would have hidden for ever the indomitable zeal within him, but for the work which he achieved. What that work was we all know. There must be machinery and a workman: with these the thing will be done; without them, not. What if some of the leading members of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul pondered on this?

Nor would the funds of any other religious enterprise or institution be diminished by the adoption of this scheme. The collection for the Propagation of the Faith in foreign parts, would not lose a single farthing, nor would any other such collection. If

the idea were taken up in a truly devotional spirit, I am convinced of this. For it is not from want of means that it would fail to be realized, but that we have not the gift of that great charity which, the more it labours is the less wearied of labour, and the more it gives is the less reluctant to give, and the more it loves yearns the more after a still more devoted love. If the effort be one of religion, we must reason upon its progress by the principles of God's supernatural providence, calculate its probable advance, as proceeding not in the ways of nature but in the ways of grace: if it be not an effort of religion, but of vanity, of party, of mere worldly politics, it is not the object before my mind, but quite another and opposite one.

But at least this is not the time, when the country is lying prostrate under the weight of such and so accumulated visitations? This *is* the time, and the very time, to make a beginning. Not in the day of her joy and consolation, but of her desolation and suffering, is the truest proof of the faithful soul given. When the hand of God is heavy upon us, is the hour for propitiating him by good works; and of good works is not this, may it not be made, among the best? Not so much because the Sovereign Pontiff needed our help, but as a testimony of our

Catholic sympathy and communion with the head of the Church, we laid our offering of money at his feet, when the night of our tribulation was in its darkest hour, when the famine held us in his strongest death grasp, and the breath of the coming pestilence was already hot upon our cheeks, and the whole land was still from the very excess of agony and terror. And it was well done of us, and should be, too, but a beginning. For, if a bishop has claims for his support upon his diocess, and a pastor upon his charge, why should not the bishop and pastor of the whole Church have like claims upon the whole Church, for all of which he daily prays and labours? O that we had among us the enthusiasm of chivalry without its lawlessness, the glowing and daring sentiment that prevailed in a past age, warming the cold and timid sentiment of mere duty that prevails in ours; the spirit that, while it keeps to the strict law, is ready to go beyond it, for the greater glory of the supreme law-giver of all.

Perhaps, after all, this project is but the day dream of a recluse. I should speak on such matters with great humility and diffidence, and I trust that I have something of this feeling—with which, however, it is not at all incompatible to *say* that I decidedly believe what, according to the measure of

light at present vouchsafed to me, I do decidedly believe—being ready to change or modify my opinion, when a better light is given to me. Yet a worse dream might be dreamed, and many a far less blameless one is daily sent into that atmosphere of ever shifting ever melting shadows, which we call the world of modern literature.

As far back as our history goes, even amid the blaze of glory that of old illumined the Island of Saints, we have been a divided people—endless strife, bloody wars, many horrid sins against God and man. But ever and through all, has our Irish Church retained, with the tenacity with which life is defended, retained undefiled, the virtue of true faith, "the root and foundation of all justice." While this element of all life remains, it is the seed of a power like that which divided the sea and covered the barren desert with bread from heaven, nothing is hopeless, nothing is impossible. Far am I from desiring to see the Church encumbered with wealth or rank, or ought else of worldly endowment, which she needs not for the perfecting of her work. But I long to behold the day when every barrier that shuts out her daily and immediate influence on every heart, is broken down; when every instrument which she requires for every tree and plant and flower in

the vineyard, is put sharp and burnished under her hand; when none shall call upon her, and she shall not be able to hear and answer, and to every, the least and the poorest, she shall have the means of speaking when she wills; when she shall enlarge the place of her tent, and stretch out the skins of her tabernacles, and shall lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, and pass on to the right hand and to the left, and her people shall be all just, and the least shall become a thousand, and the little ones a most strong nation.

"Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fallen and clouded now,
Thou wilt yet break forth all beaming,
None so bright, so blest as thou."

Millingen's Recollections

OF

REPUBLICAN FRANCE.

How we were induced to buy the book, and what we think of it—Extracts: Interview with Robespierre; conversation with him: description of his person and lodging—Danton—Barrere—Jacobin song with translation.

Recollections,

ETC. ETC.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REPUBLICAN FRANCE FROM 1790 TO 1801. By J. G. MILLINGEN, M.A., M.D., *First Class Surgeon to the Forces, of the ancient Faculty of Medicine at Paris, Member of the Medical Society of Bourdeaux, &c. &c. Author of the "Curiosities of Medical Experience," "Mind and Matter," &c.* London: COLBURN, 1848.

THE Jew who advertises his bell-metal as silver steel is a swindler, and he is put into a novel, and called Old Fagin, or Moses, or Barney, and George Cruikshank makes a picture of him, with hooked nose, long dirty beard and coal black eyes.

Now here is a piece of bell-metal, which we were induced to purchase, in the early part of the summer of Revolution Year, at the full price of good silver steel, in consequence of sundry advertisements and newspaper recommendations, in one of which we remember well, it was pretty distinctly insinuated that Lamartine's account of Robespierre was corrected by Dr. Millingen, an eye witness. No other topic was so much talked about, at the time, as the French Revolutions, both first and latest, no book so extensively read as Lamartine's History of the Girondists. A more felicitous period has not

occurred since the beginning of the century, and may not occur until the end of it, for the publication of a work bearing the title at the head of this article. So Dr. Millengen sends a book into the world which he calls "Recollections of Republican France from 1790 to 1801," and goes down upon his two knees (in the newspapers,) and asks us to give him half a guinea for a small octavo—all that can in any way deserve the name of "Recollections" occupying not more than one-tenth of the whole volume. If he had charged a moderate price for his book, or if the pages devoid of recollections had been moderately filled with anything else worth reading, we might have borne it in sulky patience. But the volume is, from beginning to end, little else than a mere colluvies of dull, flimsy, ill-written prattle about a large variety of very uninteresting topics. There is, of course, something in the shape of a narrative thrown here and there in the general heap, the materials for which might have been collected from any common abridgment of the history of the period. We should except the interview with Robespierre, which, so far as it goes, is picturesque, and a few other paragraphs of the same kind. We could wish, for the sake of these passages, that so many other foolish things had not

been introduced into the book to shake our confidence—not in the Doctor's judgment, for we have no confidence in it to be shaken, but—in his scrupulous accuracy in retailing small facts.

Every book on this subject, professing to give new and authentic information, has an attraction for us approaching to fascination. With a passion, like that which impels men to gaze down a precipice, we are drawn towards the abyss of the great French Revolution. We look into it, and startle back and close our eyes, and yet cannot help turning to look again and again. How many years since, in early boyhood, we first looked down there, with strained and terror-stricken eyes! Through how many a troubled dream afterwards have we seen Tinville, as some one has, we think, described him, expanded into monster shape, and sitting on his throne of glowing adamant, fixed immovably on a lake of fire and brimstone, whose depths were moved and whose surface was covered with myriads of demon shapes, clutching angelic forms into the boiling deep, and answering, with horrid laughter, to their shrieks of pain and cries for mercy! Chilled, saddened, sickened, oppressed with a feeling of utter despair and desolation, we thank God that man, in losing his primal innocence, has also lost his gift of

immortality; that, after a little, we are to die and leave this world and be of it no more again for ever. By this thought alone is reason steadied, and the heart comforted against the shocks received from the contemplation of this terrible theme.

The most able, the most learned, the most eloquent pens of the past and present generation have been engaged in writing the history of the French Revolution, and forming theories of it and upon it. The subject is not, perhaps, exhausted, but it is exhausted for *us*. We have something to say not met with in any of the books on the subject that have fallen into our hands: but, where so much has been written, and so well, we have no ambition to obtrude our little scribbled leaf. Our sole object in noticing Dr. Millingen's book, is to express our discontent at having been duped—which we have done; and to present to our readers, who, we take for granted, will not care to purchase the work itself, one or two of the more interesting passages—which we now proceed to do.

The following is Dr. Millingen's account of his interview with Robespierre:

"My brother still remained a prisoner in the Collège des Ecossais. Having been successful in obtaining the recall of my father, and his liberation,

when arrested, through the exertion of the Albittes, I did not despair of being equally fortunate in favour of my brother. The Albittes afforded me the facility I needed, to see the most influential personages of the day, and my first visit was to Robespierre.

"He lived in an obscure house, No. 396, in the Rue St. Honoré, at a carpenter's, of the name of Duplay, with whose family he boarded. I was ushered into a large room on the *rez-de-chaussée*, at the bottom of a timber yard, and was most kindly received by an intelligent young man with a wooden leg, *whom* I thought *was* his brother, but found to be a nephew of the landlord, and Robespierre's secretary: I read to him my memorial, but when he saw that it was in favour of an Englishman, he shook his head, and frankly told me, that I had but little prospect of succeeding in my application. He himself ushered me into Robespierre's cabinet. He was reading at the time, and wore a pair of green preservers: he raised his head, and turning up his spectacles on his forehead, received me most graciously. My introducer having stated that I was *un petit ami de Dorival Albitte—un petit Anglais.*

"*Que veux tu? que demandes tu?* was his brief and abrupt question. I referred him to the contents of my memorial, on which he cast a mere

glance, and then said, 'If it were in my power to liberate an Englishman, until England sues for peace, I would not do it—but why come to me? why not apply to the *Comité?* Every one applies to me, as if I had omnipotent power.' Here a strange twitching convulsed the muscles of his face. At this present moment I recollect the agitation of his countenance. He then added, 'Your brother is much safer where he is. I could not answer for the life of an Englishman were he free. All our miseries are the work of Pitt and his associates; and if blood is shed, at his door will it lie. Do you know, enfant, that the English have set a price on my head, and on the heads of every one of my colleagues? That assassins have been bribed with English gold—and by the Duke of York—to destroy me? The innocent ought not to suffer for the guilty, otherwise every Englishman in France should be sacrificed to public vengeance.'

"I was astonished. After a short pause he added, 'Do you know that the English expected that this Duke of York would have succeeded the Capets? Do you know Thomas Paine and David Williams?' he continued, looking at me with an eagle eye; 'they are both traitors and hypocrites.'

"He now rose and paced up and down his room,

absorbed in thought; he then suddenly stopped, and taking me by the hand, said, '*Adieu, mon petit, ne crains rien pour ton fere.*' He then turned off abruptly, and my guide led me out.

"There was something singularly strange and fantastic in this extraordinary man, at least, so it appeared to me. He smiled with an affected look of kindness; but there was something sardonic and demoniac in his countenance, and deep marks of the small pox added to the repulsive character of his physiognomy. He appeared to me like a bird of prey—a vulture; his forehead and temples were low, and flattened; his eyes were of a fawn colour, and most disagreeable to look at; his dress was careful, and I recollect that he wore a frill and ruffles, that seemed to me of valuable lace. There were flowers in various parts of the room, and several cages, with singing birds, were hanging on the walls and near the window, opening on a small garden. There was much of the *petit maître* in his manner and appearance, strangely contrasting with the plebeian taste of the times. I was told that in the society of women, he could make himself very agreeable; and the hand which, perhaps, one hour before had signed the death warrant of many of his supposed enemies, would indict sonnets and acrostics:

while the voice that had eloquently denounced hundreds of victims, would sing gentle romances and love-sick ditties. A few years before this sad epoch, he had got his portrait painted, with one hand upon his heart, and the other holding out a nosegay, with the motto, '*a celle que j'aime.*'

"On taking my leave, his secretary told me that he was certain Robespierre would be glad to see me, if I ever needed his assistance. I availed myself of this permission, and called upon him several times, although I only saw him twice after my first introduction; indeed it was very difficult to obtain access to his presence. On these occasions I never observed about the house those bands of ruffians by whom he was said to be guarded, although his door was crowded with wretched postulants who claimed his protection and influence.

* * * * *

"For hours he would rest his forehead on both his hands, and often complained of violent headache, that obliged him to compress his brow with a tightened handkerchief. His eyes, although they seemed to scintillate with ardour, were painful and impatient of light; he therefore wore green preservers. His mode of living was abstemious and frugal in the extreme, but he would occasionally indulge in a

free use of Burgundy wine. He drank a great deal of strong coffee, which was followed by a *petit verre*, and I have been informed that he often took a dose of laudanum at night; his sister told me he invariably carried poison about with him. He also rarely went out without pocket pistols, which had once belonged to the king, and a stiletto. On these occasions he was always accompanied by a large dog, of the Pyranean breed, of which he was very fond. Strange to say, several of these monstrous anomalies of the Reign of Terror, were most partial to animals; and the ferocious Couthon would shed tears when his favourite spaniel was ill. Robespierre's dog always kept watch at the door of his master's bed-chamber. * * * When boldly threatened, he was convulsed with concentrated rage and fear—his harsh features became more salient—he turned pale, and his whole frame shook in convulsive rigors; his teeth chattered, his articulation became difficult, and foam issued from the angles of his mouth. On such occasions he has been known to thrust one of his hands in his bosom, and lacerate it with his nails. Such was the violence of his passions that he sometimes appeared threatened with suffocation.

"I saw him only three or four times. He re-

ceived me distantly, but cordially. But on returning home from these interviews, I full well recollect telling my father, that he appeared to me to be a madman. I often met his sister and Eleonore Duplay. It was chiefly from them that I collected the information regarding him; which, as far as my memory serves me, I have recorded in these *souvenirs*. * * I never can forget the day of his execution. The crowd that lined the streets he passed through was immense, and the shouts of joy and vengeance were deafening. I could not make my way to witness his last moments; but it is said to have been a most horrid sight."

It is not a little, it almost invests a man himself with mystery, to have seen this dread, incarnate mystery of the nether kingdom of sin and death; to have seen his sister, the room which he tenanted, his dog, his singing birds, his portraits, the little garden beneath his window; to have looked on the green preservers raised to his forehead, and the uneasy eyes under, to have spoken with him, to have the hand held in his. Some one wrote his epitaph thus: "Here lies Robespierre: reader, mourn him not, for, if he were living, thou wouldst be dead." Carlyle, in that grand epic which he calls a history, closes the last paragraph in which his name appears,

in these touching words: "His poor landlord, the cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint Honoré, loved him; his brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us." The reign of terror is so near to our own time, it is so closely connected with events in which we take a present and personal interest, we know so much about it, that we fear some of the personages, who stand out more prominently in it, are suffered to hide from us others as demon-like, who lie farther back in history. How does Robespierre stand by the side of the Eighth Henry of England? If the minute, daily, private, personal details of certain periods in our own history of Ireland were revealed to us, more than one parallel of Robespierre might be found. We shall know all in the valley of Jehosaphat—not till then.

Dr. Millengen had spoken with some others of these terrible men.

"The only member of the government I saw, whose brutality revolted me was Danton. There was something inexpressibly savage and ferocious in his looks and in his stentorian voice. His coarse shaggy hair gave him the appearance of a wild beast. To add to the fierceness of his repulsive countenance, he was deeply marked with the small pox, and his eyes were unusually small, and spark-

ling in surrounding darkness, like the fabulous carbuncle. David, who looked upon him as a demi-god, attempted several times to delineate this horrid countenance, but in vain; exclaiming: '*Il serait plus facile de peindre l'eruption d'un volcan, que les traits de ce grand homme.*' . . . . This monster gave me but little consolation regarding my brother, and, after having cast a hasty glance on my petition, he vociferated: 'You may thank your stars, *petit malheureux*, that you and all your family have not been sacrificed to public indignation, to avenge the wrongs inflicted on us by your perfidious country!' I need not add, that I was rejoiced when I left his room, and hastened down stairs much more rapidly than I had ascended them."

"At this period, I also saw Barrère, to whom I had been introduced both by the Abittes and my old friend, Dugazon, the comedian. He lived in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place Vendôme, in an elegant apartment, the ante-chamber of which was ever crowded with petitioners, soliciting his assistance. He was a man of highly polished manners, possessing much suavity, and would have been thought of gentle disposition. He spoke English tolerably well. In his room was a collection of

shells, and when he observed that I was looking at them with a curious eye, he said, 'As the son of a Dutchman, I suppose you must like shells?' and when he heard me remark on the beauty of some of his, he gave me some very valuable duplicates. Barrere's gentleness of manners had obtained for him the name of *l'Anacréon de la guillotine;* and he certainly would have deceived the most observant. He was the *rapporteur* of the *comité de Salut Public*, and clothed the most sanguinary reports with an elegance of language that scattered roses on the tombs of their victims. . . . In the whole Revolution, there was perhaps not an actor in the fearful transactions of the day whose heart was more corrupt."

The following passage occurs at page 229.

"There were many English *detènus* in the prison, who, formed in different *coteries*, took their meals together. . . . . Amongst other sources of amusement, Professor Hickson contributed to the general merriment by his merciless barbarisms in the English (French?) language. He was generally called Murphy, in consequence of his often saying, when withdrawing to rest earlier than his companions, that he was going to seek repose in the arms of *Murphy!* It appeared that the poor man

was much embarrassed when he was arrested, and, after his liberation, many of his creditors pestered him for payment, and presented their accounts, when he invariably pretended to know nothing about them, exclaiming: '*Connais paw jamais siou.*' I had nearly forgotten another prisoner, an Irishman, and a great songster, named Mowett. He used to chant slang songs with great gusto, and 'The Night before Larry was Stretched,' and the 'Christening of Salmon Joe,' were among his gems."

This will do for the prose. Every one has heard of the *Carmagnole* and the *ça ira:* we had never met with either of these celebrated songs. Dr. Millengen gives a few snatches of them, which we present to our readers. The images of blood and massacre which stand out so prominently in most of the popular French songs of liberty are most diabolical and revolting.

"The *Carmagnole*, a favourite song, which was danced to in a *chaine patriotique* round the tree of liberty or the guillotine, was a most doggrel composition. If I recollect well, the first verse was as follows:

Monsieur Véto avait promis,
Monsieur Véto avait promis,
De faire égorger tout Paris,

De faire égorger tout Paris,
Mais son coup a manqué,
Grace à nos cannoniers,
Dansons la Carmagnole.
Vivè le son !
Vivè le son !
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vivè le son
Du Canon !

"The words of the famous *Ah ! ça ira* were equally trivial—

Ah ! ça ira !
Les aristocrates à la lanterne.
Ah ! ça ira !
Les aristocrates on les pendra !

"However, this bloodthirsty ballad was founded on the *Ah ! ça ira* of the year 1790, which, strange to say, inculcated [blasphemously adopted and misapplied] a maxim of the Gospel—

Ah ! ça ira ! ça ira ! ça ira !
Les peuple en ce jour sans cesse repète
Ah ça ira ! ça ira ! ça ira !
Suivent le maxime de l' evangile
Du législateur tout s' accomplira,
Celui qui s' élève on abaissera
Celui qui s' abaisse on l' élevera
Ah ça ira ! ça ira ! ça ira !"

"During the successful reign of the Mountain, a

song was written in their praise, which, from its character, is worth preserving; and though so many years have elapsed since I was in the habit of singing it, I believe I can give it with tolerable correctness.

I.

Hereux habitans des montagnes!
Chez vous règne la liberté!
En tous temps elle eût pour compagne,
L' innocence et la vérité!
Ici le soleil sans nuages
Chaque jour frappe vos regards,
A vos pieds vous voyez les orages,
Et restez toujours montagnards!

II.

Ce fût sur la montagne antique!
Que naquît l' homme libre et fier:
C' est sur la montagne Helvétique
Que Tell pulverisa Guesler;
Que dans la plaine les esclaves
Rampent aux genoux des Césars,
Pour vous, sans maîtres, sans entrâves,
Vous restez toujour montagnards.

III.

Londres, Berlin, Vienne et l' Espagne,
Pretendaient nous semettre aux fers,
Mais du sommet de la montagne
Un Dieu veillait sur l' Univers.

Par sa fermeté, sa prudence,
Malgré leur batallions épars,
La montagne a sauvé la France,
Gloire éternelle aux montagnards!"

There is about these lines nothing of the odour of brimstone which might have been expected, when we consider the object of their panegyric and the place and period of their manufacture. We have accordingly tried our hand at turning them into English—except a line of the third stanza, with which we have taken a slight liberty, having some scruple about introducing the name of the Deity into such a sentiment. We wish to part on good terms with the gossiping old Doctor—for there is a kindliness in the portrait opposite the title-page which softens us towards him—and so we end by clubbing our bell-metal versification with his bell-metal prose, to sell at a reduced price.

I.

Blest are you who dwell on the mountains!
With you reigns liberty!
Virtue and truth are linked with her,
In eternal bonds of amity.
There each day a cloudless sun
To the gladdened eye appears,
At your feet the tempest rolls,
And you are ever Mountaineers.

II.

Proud and free on a mountain of old
Did man into being spring;
Gesler fell in a mountain pass,
By an arrow from Tell's good string.
Slaves to kings, in the plain below,
First crouched in their slavish fears;
Free from chains, from masters free,
Ye are ever Mountaineers!

III.

The English, the German, the Spaniard swore
To bind us again in slavery,
But, from her home on the mountain top,
Freedom watched o'er the free.
By courage steady and counsel wise,
Against their unnumbered spears,
The mountain has saved all France—
Glory for ever to the Mountaineers!

Macaulay, Pascal, and the Jesuits.

Macaulay's History—A candid avowal—The Quarterly Review—Macaulay's style: Its beauties and defects—His tendency to excessive exaggeration.

Macaulay's charges against the Jesuits—Pascal—The position occupied by the Jesuits in relation to the enemies of the Church: their services and the natural results thereof—Paraguay and England: Christian Savages and Christian Philosophers—Our motives for defending the Jesuits—Atrocities charged upon them: Pombal, Choiseul, Titus Oates, Jansenists, &c.—Pascal's Orthodoxy.

Jesuit Casuistry—Importance of casuistry: Reasons: Illustrations—Moral Theology as a speculative study—The casuistry of impossible cases: Mr. Macaulay on the Glasgow mission: Protestant ideas—Lax moral principles of the Jesuits—Cases and Casuists—Probabilism: summary explanation of it—Important cautions—Pascal and Voltaire—Accusations against the Society utterly groundless: grievous injustice of them—Contest between Pascal and the Jesuits: Testimonies of Sir J. Mackintosh and Voltaire—Charge of duplicity, hypocrisy, design to corrupt the gospel morality—Wickedness of this slander: how we characterize it: utterly inconsistent, unproved and incredible—Accommodating system of Jesuits, in what sense true of them, of the Church, and of the Apostles—Society of Jesus perfectly innocent of the crimes charged by Mr. Macaulay.

Appendix: Extracts from Pascal.

Macaulay's Writings.

ETC. ETC.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II. BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. (Vols. I. II.) London: LONGMAN, 1849.

IN common with all the world, we at first devoured these enchanting volumes. For some weeks after, we could not open the most interesting book of fiction without a sense of weariness; even Dickens and Thackeray became flat to our pampered taste. On a second and calmer reading, we felt ourselves placed in the following position, and fell into the following train of reflection.

Touching the history of the English Revolution we possessed some general information, such as Lingard, Mackintosh and such works would supply to a student of ordinarily attentive reading habits, but taking no particular concern in this particular subject. We never felt anything like a warm interest, one way or other, in the character of James the Second or that of the Prince of Orange; the mad, blind, dogged course which ended in the ruin of one, the well-concerted series of schemes which terminated in the elevation of the other. Of the

original authorities, despatches of foreign ambassadors, private correspondence, diaries, and other such historical materials, we knew nothing beyond the few extracts quoted in books like those just referred to. Now it appeared to us that a work of this sort, which comes from the pen of a man, hitherto of such celebrity in this particular department of literature; a work aiming so high, yet not perhaps as high as the eminence on which the almost universal voice has placed it; a work whose subject has, no doubt, engaged the author's special study for many years, as certainly it has engaged his affections, should, if subjected to *historical* criticism, be handled by one who has made the history of the period which it embraces a subject of long, earnest and deep investigation. Fully convinced of our want of adequate knowledge, we at once resolved not to undertake a task which we felt ourselves unable to execute as we should like to see it executed.

There is, however, beside mere English history, some other matter contained in these volumes, in judging of which we are by no means conscious of the same incompetency; matter occupying an occasional page here and there, comprising reflections and statements on certain incidental topics; passages that might have been omitted, rather digres-

sive and ornamental, yet not irrelevant; not numerous nor long, certainly not tedious, but pregnant with weighty matter, the seed of much thought, profound discussion, momentous conclusions. On some of the topics introduced into this portion of the work Mr. Macaulay's views are, we believe, most erroneous and most pernicious. We purpose, in the present article, to throw out some considerations on one of the most important and, we think, most interesting of these subjects—the Jesuits and their theological moral system.

Before entering on this question, our readers will indulge us in some remarks on Mr. Macaulay's writings in general and his History in particular. And, first of all, we must have a word or two on the famous article in the *Quarterly Review* for last April. It contains a very minute examination of the History, including the third chapter on the social condition of England at the death of Charles the Second. Two very able articles appeared, in the course of last March, in the *Tablet* newspaper, and an equally able and more extended criticism in the *Dublin Review* for July. These have been the only discordant notes—as far as we know—amid the universal hymn of praise with which Mr. Macaulay's appearance was received. As the evidence

now lies before us, the judgment, the impartiality and the learning of the historian are most seriously damaged. The cannon of Cavaignac did not leave more deadly traces on the houses of the Faubourg St. Antoine than these iron-visored critics have left on the historical character of Mr. Macaulay; and, unless he is able to vindicate himself, his authority as an historian will not, we apprehend, stand much higher than that of Robertson, or Hume, or Sir Walter Scott. The *Edinburgh Review* has taken his brother *Quarterly* to task, in a supercilious tone, noticing some objections and leaving the rest to contempt. These "hoity-toity" airs as Mrs. Squeers would phrase it, will not do. The Quarterly Reviewer may have written, and it is plain enough that he has written, under the influence of sore and rancorous feelings, and his own unsupported testimony is, therefore, of no value whatever against the object of his assaults. But where he, like the Dublin Reviewer and the writer in the *Tablet* (whose criticisms are not uttered in an ungenerous spirit,) has given references and authorities, the matter must be sifted and satisfactory replies given, if such can be found. If this be not done, there is but one inference to be ultimately drawn. It is quite idle to say, with the *Edinburgh Review*, that this is a

battle *de minimis*. For, in the first place, there *could be* no other sort of controversy in a business of this kind. Mr. Macaulay is far too shrewd, and, as we firmly believe, far too honest a man, to descend to the level of an Achill missionary or a Kerry evangelist of soup, and forge Pope Joan stories, now in the light of the nineteenth century, and on such a theme as that which has employed his pen. In the second place, the historical student needs not to be reminded how often it happens that the slightest misrepresentation of some small fact—small and worthless in itself—will greatly modify our judgment on the character of an important event or personage—the misrepresentation of a date by one hour, of dress, of title, of the expression of the eye, of the colour of the cheeks, of the motion of the lip, of the intervals of breathing. Add to these that the wonderful extent and accuracy of Mr. Macaulay's knowledge of the minute facts of personal and general history have been a special subject of eulogy among his admirers, and form a special object of display in his miscellaneous writings. If we find him tripping much *here*, we very naturally draw certain conclusions as to other matters.

So far as the *Quarterly Review* is concerned, if we have any personal feeling at all, it is that of

sympathy with genius against dulness, however the beauty of the former may be marred and its course misdirected by a system of bad, earth-smelling religious principles. For the article in the *Quarterly* is dull, tasteless, mindless, a mere heap of barren clay, without a green blade upon it or the seed of a green blade within it. We have a short criticism on Mr. Macaulay's style: the poor critic having given abundant proofs, in every one of his eighty pages, that he is utterly incompetent to pronounce on such a matter, that he lacks the *faculty* of appreciating the true beauties of style, as a man born deaf has no music in his ears. His canons are taken from the artificial pedantries of such writers as Blair, the rules by which schoolmasters correct boys' exercises, utterly devoid of sanction from the true genius and usages of the language. Then he is so ill-humoured, so acrid, so full of spleen.

There can be no doubt that, as an English writer, Mr. Macaulay, if he have equals, has no superior among living men. All the constituents of true eloquence are found in him, some of them in a very high degree, unlimited command of language, animation, force, beauty, richness. He rises above his fellows in the *Edinburgh Review*, as a gorgeous cathedral in a city. The first page in one of his

essays is the foot of Hercules, and you cannot mistake him. His voice is the sound of an organ among piping minstrels. He has the music of many instruments in him. When he earnestly applies himself to a grand theme, his whole mind is illuminated; he becomes great with its greatness and touches the stars with his head; he is all on fire and quick flashes come out from him. Enthusiasm makes little men trip aud stammer; it bears him on with stately vehemence, enlarges his utterance, and puts golden words into his mouth. He has power to bring the distant and jarring many together and harmonize them: the long departed great are clothed in gorgeous array, and the dead glassy orbs glow into passionate life. With truly Catholic ideas and feelings how much mightier would he be even than he is: his mind no more, like a brilliant torch in a pagan temple, wasting its splendours on the lacquered rottenness of vain idols, but, like a rich sunbeam swift bringing down the light of a brighter sphere to the obscure of this, opening a path serene for the world-wearied eye to contemplate the regions that lie heavenward. But his principles are not worthy of his genius, and drag it down to their own level. He was early sucked into Whig philosophy: he is a Whig idolater, and has thereby

suffered not a little. For the philosophy of mere whiggery—not now compared with toryism, but with a standard higher than either—is a mean and narow-minded thing; taking itself for the plenitude of good and worshipping itself. Not only does it grow, like so many better plants, from the earth; but its stem never shoots upwards: its branches creep along the ground like snakes, and clasp each other. The influence of whig philosophy and whig theology on Mr. Macaulay's manner of handling many subjects is, to our eye, very plain and very pernicious. We may judge him, however, by the best parts of his best writings: a fair principle, we think, and that by which the ultimate general decision on the intellectual powers of great writers is formed. We do not characterize Edmund Burke's mind from his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, nor the merit of Addison's prose from his tragedy of Cato, nor of Milton's poetry from his metrical versions of the Psalms. It is true the defects of a writer may so taint all his works that his beauties are not seen except in company with them: and then the general estimate is formed from a consideration of both, as white and black mixed together are neither white nor black, but something else. This is not, at least not too often, the case with Mr.

Macaulay. The *Quarterly* charges his diction with being often inflated even to fustian. This critic, however, as we have plainly enough intimated, is, in a question of this kind, like a dog in a picture gallery, and needs no other reply than the echo of his own bark. The charge may be true of some of our historian's early—we may call them his school or college exercises. The same has been said of some of Burke's later productions; as of much of Addison's it may be affirmed that they are feeble to utter sickliness, and poor to utter barrenness. But the charge is certainly and enormously untrue, as regards the mature and more thoughtful writings of Macaulay: for example, his essays on Ranke's Popes, on Byron, on Johnson, on Addison, on Barrère, or the two volumes before us. One undoubted fault of his style is an occasional mannerism, a certain mechanical peculiarity in the structure of sentences. We should, however, observe that this peculiarity is not unpleasant in itself, but only from frequent repetition; that it is but occasional and hardly observable in reading any one of his essays separately, and that it is not at all, at least not disagreeably observable in the history. Another fault, much more serious in our eyes, is that his stateliness is too uniform, too seldom relaxed. He rarely lays

aside his royal robes. Akin to this, and carried to the same undue length, is his vehemence. He is a rapid river, always rapid—"to the ocean hurries, resting never." Delightful sailing, but one wishes to have repose now and then. He never places his elbow on the table, and leans his chin upon it, and looks out through the window on the pleasant fields. He never thinks of dinner, but writes away, with his brow knitted, his eyes glowing over the page, and his pen tearing through it. The Jesuits have a rule, that study shall not be continued for more than two successive hours, without diverting and unbending the mind by some other exercise. One year in the schools of Loyola would have served Mr. Macaulay in this respect—and in others. These are the general faults in his style. We are half ashamed to find ourselves thus insensibly lapsed into the attitude of censors of style on one of the great masters of English rhetoric—we who feel that in this art we have so much to learn which he could so admirably teach. But on this we have only, in our own way, noticed blemishes which others, in their way, have pointed out before us; and which, we fear, are, even to a less practised eye and a less refined taste than ours, but too plain and too unpleasant. We have certainly a great admiration of what

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we conceive to be the beauties of Mr. Macaulay's style; and if we are disposed to speak too tenderly of its deformities—which, we are bound to observe, this history exhibits less in number and in degree than his previous writings—this is, perhaps, owing not a little to a reaction of feeling against the virulent attempts of the misshapen dwarf in the *Quarterly* to exaggerate them, and represent them as too much the characteristics of his diction.

So much for style. If we turn to the matter—with the consideration of which, it is true, the consideration of style must be often inseparably connected*—we are not at all sure, so far as we have the materials of judging, that the imputations of the *Quarterly* are substantially ill-founded. Only we must add that, if the Whig historian suppresses and misrepresents, he suppresses and misrepresents not more grossly, not more impudently, not more extensively, than his tory rivals: and that, whatever censure we may think due to him on this score is not meant to imply the least approbation of them.

* In matter there are two things to be considered; first, the soundness or unsoundness of the writer's views, the truth or falsehood of his statements; secondly, the mode in which the idea is conceived in his mind, as e. g. vividly, feebly, obscurely, clearly, &c. The first is not only distinguishable but actually distinct from style, not so the second.

There is no doubt that the vehemence we have noticed in his style, carries him too far, sometimes so excessively, so ludicrously far, that we are amazed at a man of his discerning powers not seeing, and of his high aspirations after enduring fame, not caring to correct, such damning faults. To take the first example that occurs to us. In his article on "Southey's Colloquies," on occasion of some sorry puns perpetrated by that gentleman, he thus breaks forth—"A man might talk folly like this by his own fire side; but that *any* human being, after having made such a joke, should write it down, and copy it out, and transmit it to the printer, and correct the proof sheets, and send it forth into the world, is *enough to make us ashamed of our species.*" So because Mr. Southey—a tory historian, by the way, of infinite capacity for misrepresenting—puns out of place, it is enough to make one not merely laugh at him, as wanting in delicacy of taste, but enough to make one—and this with Shakspeare's example before his eyes—as soon wish to be a rhinoceros as a man. Then that vile idea of being ashamed of the species! This indeed occurs in a rambling essay, and is little more than an exaggerated rhetorical figure. Still it is a fair enough specimen of the style in which the writer

too often indulges on graver occasions. Take, as an instance, what he says (*Hist.* vol. i. p. 656) of James the Second—"*No* English sovereign has ever given *stronger proofs* of a *cruel* nature." As Irishmen and Catholics we have no liking for James. We believe that he was narrow-minded and tyrannical: his very name is loathsome in our ears from infancy. But we have a great liking for fair play. If Mr. Macaulay had said that he gave strong proofs of a cruel nature, or very strong proofs of a very cruel nature, though we might not admit, we would have no disposition to question, the justice of the judgment. But when it is stated that *no* English sovereign has ever given stronger proofs of a cruel nature, the outrageous exaggeration, the absolute untruth of the assertion, must at once strike an impartial reader, who for a single moment calls to recollection the most favourable accounts of the reigns of the first William, of John, of Henry the Eighth, of Elizabeth, and contrasts them with Mr. Macaulay's own history. Is there a single act of James's life, even as coloured with the reddest hue, in these very volumes, to be compared, as an evidence of the most heartless cruelty, with the murder of the Queen of Scots by Elizabeth—a murder, too, the perpetration of which was surrounded and followed by

circumstances of loathsome hypocrisy, beside which the hypocricy of the assassin Rush hanged last spring in Norwich, is artless candour—a murder which won from Mr. Macaulay's own pen* for the royal she-devil, the undying title of "Elizabeth the murderer of her guest?" Are the proofs of James's cruelty to be, for a moment, compared with the proofs of the cruelty of Henry "the murderer of his wives,"† the murderer of Sir Thomas Moore, the murderer of Bishop Fisher, the murderer of the mother of Cardinal Pole, and of so many others—Henry, of whom Sir James Mackintosh—an authority most revered by Mr. Macaulay—has said that "he approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infinities of human nature will allow."‡

In the essay on this same Sir James Mackintosh, it is said of him that he had "the *most* capacious and accurately constructed memory that *any* human being ever possessed."§

Instances of this sort abound in Mr. Macaulay's writings. Copying his own form of phrase, we may

* Edinb. Rev. Artic on "Hallam's Constitutional History."
† Ibid.
‡ History of England, vol. ii. p. 205.
§ Edinb. Rev.

say, that a man might talk such sounding exaggerations by his own fireside: but that any human being should, after having uttered them, write them down, and copy them, and transmit them to the printer, and correct the proof sheets, and send them into the world, is enough to make him ashamed of —himself.

It is time to pass on to the topic we have selected from Mr. Macaulay's History as the leading matter of this article—the Jesuits and their theological moral system.

After a rapid and animated description of the origin, the power, and the success of the Society of Jesus,* Mr. Macaulay thus proceeds to state its defects and its vices.

"But with the admirable energy, disinterestedness, and self-devotion, which were characteristic of the society, great vices were mingled. It was alleged, and not without foundation, that the ardent

* We omit this description, first, because we do not think it quite fair to transfer to this volume long and unnecessary extracts from a work which is found in every circulating library; secondly, because what would seem a panegyric on the virtues of the Society is conceived and expressed, eloquently indeed, but in a spirit not at all to our liking, and bears, in our eyes, very much the appearance of an artful prelude to the invective which immediately follows.

public spirit which made the Jesuit regardless of his ease, of his liberty, and of his life, made him also regardless of truth and mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful, and that by the interest of his religion he too often meant the interest of his society. It was alleged that, in the most atrocious plots recorded in history, his agency could be distinctly traced; that, constant only in attachment to the fraternity to which he belonged, he was in some countries the most dangerous enemy of freedom, and in others the most dangerous enemy of order. The mighty victories which he boasted he had achieved in the cause of the Church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that Church, rather apparent than real. He had indeed laboured with a wonderful show of success to reduce the world under her laws; but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. Instead of toiling to elevate human nature to the noble standard fixed by divine precept and example, he had lowered the standard till it was beneath the average level of human nature. He gloried in multitudes of converts who had been baptized in the remote regions of the East: but it was reported that from some of those converts the facts on which the whole theology of

the Gospel depends had been cunningly concealed, and that others were permitted to avoid persecution by bowing down before the images of false gods, while internally repeating Paters and Aves. Nor was it only in heathen countries that such arts were said to be practised. It was not strange that people of all ranks, and especially of the highest ranks, crowded to the confessionals in the Jesuit temples; for from these confessionals none went discontented away. There the priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigour as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or the Franciscan Church. If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the saintly tones of the primitive fathers: but with that very large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, and not religion enough to keep them from doing wrong, he followed a very different system. Since he could not reclaim them from guilt, it was his business to save them from remorse. He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for wounded consciences. In the books of casuistry which had been written by his brethren, and printed with the approbation of his superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class.

There the bankrupt was taught how he might, without sin, secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with his master's plate. The pandar was assured that a Christian man might innocently earn his living by carrying letters and messages between married women and their gallants. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favour of duelling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a licence sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained men from doing what the Society of Jesus assured them that they might with a safe conscience do."

* * * * *

"The Jesuits were, at that time, engaged in a war to the death against an enemy whom they had at first disdained, but whom they had at length been forced to regard with respect and fear. Just when their prosperity was at the height, they were braved

by a handful of opponents, who had indeed no influence with the rulers of this world, but who were strong in religious faith and intellectual energy. Then followed a long, a strange, a glorious conflict of genius against power. The Jesuit called cabinets, tribunals, universities to his aid; and they responded to the call. Port Royal appealed not in vain to the hearts and to the understandings of millions. The dictators of Christendom found themselves, on a sudden, in the position of culprits. They were arraigned on the charge of having systematically debased the standard of evangelical morality for the purpose of increasing their own influence; and the charge was enforced in a manner which at once arrested the attention of all Europe: for the chief accuser was Blaise Pascal. His intellectual powers were such as have rarely been bestowed on any of the children of men; and the vehemence of the zeal which animated him, was but too well proved by the cruel penances and vigils under which his macerated frame sank into an early grave. His spirit was the spirit of Saint Bernard: but the delicacy of his wit, the purity, the energy, the simplicity of his rhetoric, had never been equalled, except by the great masters of Attic eloquence. All Europe read and admired, laughed and wept. The Jesuits attempted to reply: but their feeble answers

were received by the public with shouts of mockery. They wanted, it is true, no talent or accomplishment into which men can be drilled by elaborate discipline; but such discipline, though it may bring out the powers of ordinary minds, has a tendency to suffocate, rather than to develope, original genius. It was universally acknowledged that, in the literary contest, the Jansenists were completely victorious."*

These are terrible accusations, first brought forward more than two hundred years ago, afterwards harmonized by Pascal, and wedded to prose as immortal as the verse of Homer, prolonged in undying chorus to this very day by the enemies of the Jesuits, of the Holy See, or of the Catholic Church. Are they true? On what proofs do they rest? Are those who have advanced them entitled to faith on their own authority?

The history of the Jesuits is an epic theme. Among the finest passages of the most eloquent of modern English writers are those upon this subject. Still the question recurs, how much of what those eloquent men have written is deserving of belief? The absurdities of paganism, the blasphemies of deism, the horrors of atheism, the most shocking aberrations of the human mind, in ancient and mo-

* Vol. 2, p. 56, &c.

dern times, the slanders of the most lying lips, the malignities of the blackest hearts, have been enshrined in the most fascinating words that ever dropped from the tongue of uninspired man; have kindled the imagination of the young, and pleased the colder taste of the old; have been treasured in the memory of all. Vanity of vanities! shall poison turn to nectar in the silver chalice? Let romances and fairy tales be multiplied and circulated: but where there is question of things to be believed, doctrines or facts, let us first of all ask, not as jesting Pilate asked, but with intense earnestness.—What is true? and, that found, let fancy array it in her loveliest hues, and let declamation unloose all his winds to blow it through the universe. But if it be a lie, let it be cast down like an idol, and trampled in the dust, though the most priceless jewels of earth made its diadem, and the most skilful of human hands fashioned it into all but life.

And this is a lie, this mass of foul charges against the Jesuits, this business that walketh about in the dark, devil-eyed, devil-tongued, devil-born. Of course, in a society extended over all christendom, comprising so many members, engaged in such a death struggle with earth and hell, there may have been individuals, weak men, bad men, most wicked

men. Of course, among thousands upon thousands of folios, quartos, and octavos on religious subjects, not a few may be found containing a great deal of over-refined and idle speculations, and perhaps an odd volume here and there stained with some very unsound moral principles. But Pascal's wholesale imputations against the Society are, from beginning to end, one huge putrid heap of unmixed falsehood.

The Jesuits were placed, for a long period, in the very front of the battle, the chosen soldiers of the Church, first against the open assaults of the Protestant heresies, afterwards against the more wily machinations of the Jansenist heresies. The position which they occupied, the special work in which they were engaged, so single in its end so multifarious in its instruments, marked them out as a select object of scrutiny, of suspicion, of jealousy, and of hatred. The whole Church was militant then, is still, in different ways has always been. To them was given a special war to carry on. It was the most difficult, the most near, the most interesting by far. The nature of the combat tended to unite them into a body at once singularly distinct and singularly compact. Their wonderful success necessarily raised them above their fellows; and, if their shadow fell too far around them, and their

elevation dwarfed whatever stood beside it, this was a consequence which followed from what they were and what they did, and which, even had they willed and tried, they could not have prevented, without undoing their own work. If they were, and it is admitted they were, the best teachers of youth, it was natural that inferior scholastic institutions should have been absorbed into theirs. If their lines deepened and lengthened, to meet the extending front of their antagonists, it was necessary for those to recede who occupied the place into which they were thrown. If they possessed, in an eminent degree, the zeal, the skill, the divine meekness and sweetness, to touch the hearts of abandoned sinners and win them from vice; if they possessed, in an eminent degree, the attributes of the good shepperd, which so particularly and in all their fulness the mercy seat of the confessional demands in him who sits there, it was natural that their confessionals should be most crowded. Nor is it necessary to take up the odious and unproved solution of the fact which Pascal adopts, and Macaulay repeats. If a man saves the commonwealth, by his wise counsels, from internal decay, he becomes its great statesman; if, by his skill in arms, from external attacks, he becomes its great chief-

tain: if, by his saintly zeal, from the darkness of error and sin, he becomes its great Apostle. It was no fault in the Jesuits to have risen to that eminence, on which, willing or reluctant, their own services in the cause of the Church necessarily placed them. It was no fault of theirs that, in a certain sense, and as things actually stood, they often identified their own interest with that of religion: for they were the lifeguard which the Church had summoned around her in the day of conflict, the armour in which she clothed herself: the shafts of the enemy could not pierce them without wounding her. Mr. Macaulay himself has pictured, though imperfectly, and in colours tinctured with the hues of his strong Protestant ideas, the stupendous deeds which they performed for Catholicism. They identified their interest with that of religion, for they looked upon themselves as having no other cause to maintain but her cause, no other work to do but for her. It was no fault in the individual members to love and admire the mighty society of which they formed a part; for it well deserved all their love and all their admiration.

Take one example, one paragraph, from that glorious history of theirs. They changed Paraguay from an earthly hell into an earthly paradise, from

a land of blood into a land flowing with milk and honey, from a land of unutterable abominations into a land of innocence and purity, such as the world had not witnessed since the fall of Adam, and may never again see. They were the temporal as well as the spiritual rulers of the people; and the people enjoyed the perfection of temporal and spiritual happiness under their sway. Elsewhere similar benedictions, though not to the same extent, followed in their track and settled with them.— But why should Jesuits be allowed to wield a power like this, keeping fullgrown men in a state of baby-hood, and preventing the expansion of the human mind? Not for this, truly, was man created, to live priest-ridden, church-hunting, prayer-mumbling, directing all his thoughts, words, and works to eternity, multiplying sabbaths and observing saints' holydays, instead of impoving himself in the useful arts of life, cultivating the domestic affections, and, above all, promoting the great work of the enlargement of his faculties and the progress of the species! See the advances which England has made since the Reformation, and still more since the Revolution, in literature, science, civilization. Her cities are clusters of proud palaces: her fields are Eden gardens: her daughters are amongst the fairest of

the earth, her sons are ruddy with health, and silent with deep sober thought: no skill can baffle her statesmen, no force withstand the charge of her soldiers: the hum of all tribes and tongues is heard in her marts and harbours: her empire encircles the earth, like a white zone studded with pearls, consolidating, adorning, enriching. What liberty of speech and action enjoyed by her people! What eloquence in her senate and in her popular meetings! What wisdom in her books, what power in her very name! Compare all this with Paraguay shut out, with its droning, stunted, shaveling government, from all commerce with the world and from the enlightenment such commerce brings with it. The savages became, under the Jesuits' teaching, well skilled in all requisite mechanical handicrafts, learned how to build and till, were tutored into a fixed order of life, acquired the sweet simplicity of little children in heart, and intellect, and manner. Impurity was unknown amongst them, prostitution, adultery, fornication, murder, theft, vengeance. Their poetry and music went not beyond rude hymns to God and the Virgin Mary and the Saints: their highest joy was in the exercises of religion and in celebrating the festivals of the Church. The spirit of trusting, loving, unlimited, what we

would call blind, obedience was the principle that animated, fashioned, and preserved their social polity—a most degrading condition of life, indeed, and withal most opposed to the spirit of genuine Christianity, which, every where in the sacred volume, inculcates the duty of personal independence and self rule! Pombal and Choiseul and the Chevalier Bunsen are the men to construct systems of government and education and apply them. *They* have read human nature; *they* know the world; *they* are the true philosophers. Pombal was, it must be said, a man so wicked that you might say the devil spat him out from his ulcerated and broiling lungs: a hideous and loathsome thing, such as God sometimes permits to be seen for a season among men, as if to show them what sin really is. But he was a genuine statesman, nevertheless, and did that "which entitles him to the everlasting gratitude of his species"—which may well be admitted, when we consider the species to which he belonged. As to the Jesuits, they read Suarez and Vasquez and De Lugo and such books; have periodically a horrible practice of what they call Spiritual Exercises; observe and inculcate unreasoning, that is unreasonable, obedience, according to the famous maxim of their founder, that a true Jesuit should be like a

staff in the hands of his superior. But they produced no works of genius, made no discoveries in science, had, says the amiable Mackintosh, no names that could be opposed to those of Pascal and Racine. Above all there was a Jesuit who flourished somewhere a long time ago, and his name was Escobar. So let them be shipped off from Paraguay and Brazil and all such places. And they were shipped off, and the rule of philosophy commenced, and the work of enlightenment and progress began in these far off climes—with what success in dragging God's immortal creatures down to the bottomless pit is too well known.

Mr. Macaulay is evidently unacquainted with the history and the system of the Jesuit order, except as they are both represented in the most malignant and most slanderous of all books. Many years have we spent over the writings of Jesuit Theologians great and lesser, their moralists and scholastics and controversialists and dogmatists. With many of those dear old tomes we are tolerably familiar. We have read the "Provincial Letters" too. We are not ourselves Jesuits; we have no connexion whatever with the Society, beyond that which unites all the faithful into one body, and all the members of the priesthood into one ministry. We have never

studied in their schools; we have never taken up or felt inclined to take up any theological opinion because it was theirs; for the system of Molina we care not one jot more than for the system of the Thomists, or the system of the Augustinians, beyond what the force of argument inclines us to. The Jesuits are not the Church: they are but a portion of her ministers and members: if unworthy, there have been and are others unworthy too, if worthy, not essential; for God would have raised up other servants and other defenders. Time was when they were not, she has always been from the descent of the tongues of fire: they may cease utterly to exist, she will continue to the end. The same sovereign authority which called the Society into being, afterwards suppressed, and again received it. We love the Jesuits: but we love them only for the Church's sake; we love them while they are good for the Church, while the blessing of the Church's approval dwells upon them, and the spirit of God is the true life of their institute. It was a fine saying of St. Philip Neri—uttered in substance long before him—that no man is necessary for the Church: it might have been added, no combination of men, save that established for perpetuity by God himself. Let it be then understood that, in speaking for the Jesuits,

we speak only for innocence maligned, for truth oppressed, for well doing rewarded with evil doing: we speak as men long witnessing, with sealed up lips, one of the most abominable acts of injustice ever yet inflicted on guiltless man since the sentence of Pilate was pronounced: we only defend the truth against "the buffoon and the sarcasm, the liar and the lie."*

It was alleged, says Mr. Macaulay, that the Jesuit was regardless of truth and mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful; that in the most atrocious plots recorded in history his agency could be distinctly traced, &c. Alleged! It was alleged that Christ himself was a wine bibber and a glutton. Alleged by whom, and upon what show of evidence? Pombal and Choiseul and their associates made such allegations; and the men who forged the *Monita Secreta*, and the men who forged the letter of the General of the order to the Spanish Provincial calling on him to unite with the insurgents against King Carlos; and the blackhearted pharisaical Jansenists; and the infidel generation of the last century; and the crew of ravenous knaves

* Mr. Macaulay, Edinb. Rev. vol. xliii. Art. on the London University, p. 341.

hungry for plunder and power, immoral courtiers, a class who hate with full satanic hatred what they call monkish virtue, who feel the very aspect of a devout religious near them as a most galling yoke upon their shoulders, as a flaming sword in their path; and English historians of former times, convicted of habitual falsification, historians whose works, after examination, present the appearance of a gilt coffin opened, with a fetid carcass inside all rottenness and worms; and, as appears, English historians of our own time—these are they who allege. Titus Oates made such allegations. This man, a parson suspended from his clerical functions for the most infamous crimes, patronized by another parson, a rector in London, feigned himself a convert to the Catholic faith, and succeeded in obtaining a place, first in one then in another Jesuit college, from both of which he was expelled. *He* made allegations which to the most fearful extent compromised the character of the Jesuits for truth and mercy; which represented them as utterly unscrupulous in the choice of means to promote the interest of their Church; which most distinctly traced their agency in one of the most atrocious plots recorded in history. For this plot a number of Jesuits and others, priests and laymen, were executed. At their trials

the judges and the jury and the spectators acted like maddened wild beasts; the House of Commons raged like a hell of unchained demons; there was hardly a Protestant in England who was not frantic for a season; the whole nation boiled with uncontrollable fury. Such was one of the great allegations preferred against the Jesuits; such its authors, Oates and his accomplices; such its fruits remaining to this very day. Yet all now, many grudgingly enough, admit that the whole story was a fabrication from beginning to end. Why rake up old facts of this kind? Why do you rake up old lies? It was alleged! but for true evidence of any kind, for testimony admissible in any court higher than that of a Tinville or a Norbury, or a bench of Ulster magistrates, we have never met such, we have never met any one to refer us to such, to tell us where it might be found. It was alleged! Why this hanging upon the heels of assertion? If you believe the charges to be true, why not distinctly say so? If you believe them to be false, why report them as credible or probable; why report them at all, except to refute or at least to deny them? If you believe neither the one nor the other, if you have not sure information on the subject, why write about it, and call what you have written a History?

Why this simmering on the face; why this uneasy blinking; why this 'willing to wound and yet afraid to strike?' O history, how many falsehoods have been uttered in thy name!

"The mighty victories," says Mr. Macaulay, "which he (the Jesuit) had achieved in the cause of the Church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that Church, rather apparent than real." This is not true. Men illustrious as mathematicians, as poets, as polemics, as orators, as statesmen, illustrious or infamous in many other ways, may have expressed such an opinion. But we defy Mr. Macaulay to name to us *one* illustrious as a member of the Church, one whose memory is held in sacred veneration by the Church, who ever pronounced such a judgment. Pascal, forsooth, an illustrious Catholic! He was one of the sorest afflictions that pressed upon the Church, since the days of Luther: his name is among her proscribed names, his most brilliant book among her proscribed books; his Provincial Letters contain formal heresy.

"He had indeed laboured with a wonderful show of success to reduce the world under her laws; but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. . . . . He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for

wounded consciences, &c. &c. &c." Here we have come to the very seed and root of all that has been charged as corrupt in the principles and criminal in the conduct of the Jesuits—their *Accommodating system of casuistry*. To the cold hearted and the sneering an easy and abundant theme for ridicule: to the impartial but unlearned inquirer a dry and difficult subject of investigation. Most of what we should like to say on this topic, and which we would suppose to have greatest weight with one accustomed to scientific theological studies, we must suppress on the present occasion. We write not for Catholic divines, but for Protestants, who, whether divines or not, are little versed in *our* divinity, or for Catholic laymen. We are therefore constrained to select out of what may be thrown into a form simple and plain to such readers, so much as we may think sufficient to place our sentiments in a satisfactory light before their unbiassed understandings.

We suppose then, in the first place, that neither Pascal nor Macaulay would deny that our conduct in reference to God our neighbour and ourselves, should be regulated by some principles of right and wrong. This must be held, at least according to Catholic doctrine, which anathematizes the tenet of

justification by faith alone, and maintains the distinction between good and bad, meritorious and demeritorious works. Of course it is not by the principles of Chillingworth or Laud or Hampden or Pusey or Mahomet or Plato or Owen or John Knox or the *Edinburgh Review* or the *Methodist Magazine*, that we are to judge the opinions and practices of the children of Loyola, but by defined Catholic principles. Now, whatever may be said of certain scholastic disputes as to the possibility of some deliberate acts being indifferent, that is, neither morally bad nor morally good, it is certain that the great mass of our deliberate actions are either one or the other. If Pascal denies this, he joins issue at once, not with the Jesuits as such, but with the whole Catholic Church.

In the second place, while, on one hand, the general and broad principles of morality are certain, defined, easily learned, pretty well known; on the other hand, the application of these to the infinite variety of cases that daily occur in the infinite variety of human conditions, taking into consideration modifying circumstances, consciences perplexed between apparently conflicting duties, the interpretations or the extent, in this or that case, of human laws ecclesiastical or civil—this is a work

very often of great difficulty and great uncertainty, sometimes of impossibility to accomplish. What is, at first, less clear in our duties, we may, by examining deeper, often make absolutely certain, or approaching in different degrees thereto. For such work was our reasoning faculty given to us, to know ourselves, to know our end, to choose our way. As, in what regards the body, we have some goods without striving, our eyes, ears, tongue, muscular power, and must labour for others, food, clothing, preservation of health; so, of practical ethical truths, which are for us goods of a higher order, some are ours we hardly know how, so easily have they been acquired, for others we must toil. It is so in most things; a part is given us, a part is attainable, a part is unattainable. It is so in mathematical science, in physical science, in the philosophy of the mind, in all philosophy. It is so as regards the speculative truths of religion: some of them we know from direct and formal revelation; to the knowledge of some we may approach with greater or lesser certainty, by reasoning on what is revealed; some we cannot know in this life. In the science of morals, where the line of duty is clear to us, we must act according to it. No approved writer of the Catholic Church, Jesuit or other, has

ever questioned this. Where the line of duty is doubtful; where there are good grounds on both sides; where the individual, whether from mere ignorance or any other cause, does not see a clear ground on either side: where neither the voice of reason nor of revelation speaks distinctly, how is a person to act? Such cases occur constantly: are we left in them to chance, to impulse? Is there no reflex principle to guide us? Undoubtedly, if we do what lies in us, we are safe in following what we believe to be the right: but to have a reasonable belief of this kind, as we are bound to do something, what then are we bound to do? It is very easy for Protestant writers to speak lightly, laughingly, contemptuously, of casuists and scholastic divines. But this is not light matter to us, who believe that a day of great account is yet to come for each of us, that we shall be judged according to what we shall have done, that every deliberate thought word and action of ours is written in the Book. God will condemn no man for sins of ignorance: but there are different sorts or different degrees of ignorance. God will condemn no man who does what is required of him. But how much *is* required? To us at least this is not a light matter: a question of eternal import is involved in it.

Let us take one or two cases to illustrate this, playing the casuist for a little.

The law of God binds us to keep a promissory oath. Catholic members of parliament swear not to use any privilege vested in them to the injury of the Protestant Church as by law established in these realms. Does this mean that a Catholic member of parliament shall not exercise his power of voting in favour of any measure introduced for the purpose of diminishing or abolishing the temporalities of the Irish establishment, of curtailing the number of bishoprics or benefices of any kind? Or does it only mean that he shall not use his privileges to accomplish such objects by violent, fraudulent or other unlawful means? In favour of this latter interpretation a great deal may be urged. If the former meaning be that intended by the legislative authority which framed and sanctioned the oath, the same end might have been attained in a manner not more offensive, infinitely less bungling and uncertain, namely by having inserted in the Emancipation Act a clause depriving Catholic members of the right of voting on such questions. To confer upon men the power of voting and, at the very same time, to compel them to swear that they shall not vote, except in one way, is a very absurd

proceeding. Again, what is the meaning of the words "by law established?" Do they signify, established by the law as it stood when the Emancipation act passed, or as that law stands for the time being? The first cannot be said, for the Protestant Church does not now exist in that shape. If a member of parliament cannot vote against the Church establishment, neither can he, as member of parliament, speak against it, for thus too he would exercise his senatorial privileges. If he enumerates the monstrous evils, if he depicts the hideous iniquity of this abomination of desolation, if he originates or openly concurs in any motion for its quick or gradual removal, he is a perjurer. Again the Catholic member swears not to use his privilege to disturb or weaken the Protestant *religion*. So he cannot, as member of parliament, utter a single word, by way of argument, against any of, what he of course believes to be, the absurdities and contradictions of the thirty-nine articles—if an occasion should arise to render this expedient and becoming. Thus much and a great deal more might be urged in favour of what may be called the more liberal interpretation of the oath. Still there are sensible and conscientious men (along with some canting rogues) who hesitate. We do not purpose in this

place to express any leaning to either side, we are merely stating difficulties. It is of considerable importance that this piece of casuistry should be settled, in one way or other. Whose interpretation is to be taken, as a safe and sure guide? That of the imponent? Who is the imponent? The government or legislature of 1829, or both together, or later parliaments, or the parliament for the time being, or the community at large? If Father Suarez lived now, his decision on this case, delivered in his own luminous and solid manner, would tend much to the quiet of some consciences, and perhaps induce Mr. Macaulay to doubt whether there were not, after all, a meaning in this casuistry he little dreamed of.

Again the law which prohibits the voluntary commission of any crime, prohibits also voluntary exposure to the danger of committing it. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," is a divine precept, which as well forbids an attack upon the character of an individual or a community, by the publication of statements the truth of which has not been duly examined, as it prohibits known slander. Historians are not above this law, nor Jesuits out of its protection. It would have been, for Mr. Macaulay, an interesting case of conscience,

to consider how far he was bound to examine into the authority of Pascal's false book, to consult the theology itself of the Jesuits, in order to judge of its real character and tendency; or, if incompetent (as, with all his abilities, he undoubtedly is,) for such an examination, or unwilling to undertake the labour of it, to consider whether he was not bound to abstain from entering on topics which, after all, lay rather beside the track of his narrative. The opinion of a learned casuist on such a case might have been useful to him.

We might fill many volumes, as indeed many volumes are filled, with descriptions of cases that occur every day in every department of life. Casuistry! Why this is, in the wider sense of the word, the great daily business of every Christian who wishes to ensure a holy life. It is an extensive and, in many things, even to learned divines, a difficult work. The mass of men need a skilful guide therein; to some extent all men are secure in guidance. What study more noble, what more important, what more essential for the spiritual teachers of the people? Shall the wisdom they are to seek from his lips descend from a head into which wisdom has never been hived?

No doubt in many books of moral theology and

in all extensive works on the subject, viewed in immediate reference to mere practice, there is much that might be altogether omitted, there are many speculations irrelevant, many worthless. But this must happen in the attempt to reduce to scientific form and proportion and fulness, any department of human knowledge so comprehensive in its fundamental truths, so ample in details, so subtle in much of its deductions, so modified in its application by the concurrence and often apparent collision of different principles. It is needless to cite instances which abound especially wherever the reasoning is of a moral nature.

The subject matter of moral theology, viewed as a mere closet study, and irrespective of its proper practical bearing, is of the most interesting and sublime on which the human mind can be engaged. How much of the world's applause is given, and often justly given, to literary and scientific men who excel, some in rescuing the events of past times from oblivion; some in describing and classifying birds and beasts, some in mapping the wonders of the starry heavens, some in representing the varieties of human character and the developments of human passion in imperishable language, some in scratching from the earth's rind data for theories on

revolutions that took place in this planet before the creation of Adam! But grand immeasurably above all such exercises of mental power, is that of examining the laws by which man is to be guided to the eternal felicity for which he was created; by which is preserved in sinless purity, what is alone in this world truly divine, truly perfect, of itself not tending to decay or death, a participation of the divine nature—the moral beauty of the soul. Is not a little word, a tiny mark hardly perceptible on the page, pointing to some direction, making surer to some naked Lazarus, what God's law is on but a single act he is about to perform, valuable above all merely human knowledge, as far as the soul of that beggar is valuable in the eyes of God, above all the material world with its ten thousand suns, its known and its undiscovered spheres of light, its endless and unspeakable glories! "Thou art careful and art troubled about many things; but one thing is necessary."

The casuits often speculate on cases impossible or most unlikely to occur in real life. So thinks Pascal, so thinks the philosophical historian. But our old friend, Father Peter, who, if he should expect a million of money as a premium for it, could not write the opening paragraphs of our History of England, but who has spent twenty years shriving

and catechizing at the back of Carn More mountain—he *knows* that most extraordinary, incredible, and what we may call impossible cases, occur often enough in that deep dark world of the human heart. We should like to hear Mr. Macaulay's opinion on the value of casuistry, after spending a year in hearing confessions among the Glasgow operatives, and another as confessor to the English ministry. Suppose Lord P. were to think of making a general confession. La Croix, accommodating as he is, might not suit perfectly; Concina would not answer at all; Escobar would be worth gold.

In order thoroughly and clearly to understand, in order to acquire a facility in promptly applying the principles of a practical moral science, the best plan is to test them in as many cases as possible, whether likely to occur or not. And note, that these large recondite tomes of moral divinity are not intended for the laity who, even if learned, could not understand, and, in attempting to use, would surely abuse them; nor even for the common class of divinity students, but for professors of the department, or for other ecclesiastics, who have at once a larger share of solid judgment and of leisure, than united ordinarily fall to the lot of the working clergy.

Protestants do not comprehend what this thing of

casuistry means: they cannot understand its object or its importance. It is in their eyes an excrescence upon pure Christianity, and perhaps consistently enough, according to their idea of Christianity. Our idea thereof is altogether different from theirs, our system diametrically opposed to theirs. We must, of course, judge and act by our own rule, not by their rule. They can do without casuistry: we must have it in some shape and to a large extent. If it grows to folios, this is not necessary, but it is useful. Catholicity would live, as of old, if all these tomes were burned: but it is good to have them: they have formed learned doctors, they have helped them to form skilful confessors, expert divines, with immense saving of time and labour, with greater security. They have done little harm, except to occasion Pascal's libels and the like, which something else as good or better would have occasioned and did occasion. We could do without much that we have, which yet it were better not to cast away. An edifice of less majesty and amplitude than St. Peter's, would suffice for the capital of the Christian world; we are all glad, however, that the threat of blowing it up has not been carried into execution. We love them in our hearts—those grave old dusky tomes, dogmatic, moralist, scholastic, Jesuit, Domi-

nican, Franciscan, or whatever other Catholic denomination they may come under. There is poetry in them too for us, sometimes, a fiery vigour quickening their rugged massiveness; and flashes of a glorious eloquence, far off echoes of the tongue they speak in a land where nought but truth is heard. O Babington Macaulay, "omniscient" as thou art—for so, we have heard, thy school mates long ago named thee—how little dost thou know of those wonderful old men, how little dost thou understand, and, therefore, how little art thou capable of appreciating the mighty mind that was in them! O Henry Hallam, in thy life long journeyings through a by-gone world, thou hast trodden oft on golden mines, and known not of them and despised them. But they are there. We have learned more from a dozen pages of some of those great antique theologians, than from all the divinity books of all English, Irish, and Scotch Protestantism, established or otherwise, that have ever fallen into our hands.

As to the charge of laxity in their principles and decisions, brought against the Jesuit moralists, this too comes from Pascal, and means in substance the leaning of those divines to probabilism*—one of the

* See Appendix to this article.

great mysteries of iniquity in the society, which so many have heard and written of with shuddering, which so few have understood, and which is after all perhaps not so very unreasonable. Good English Protestant reader, there was a time when your fathers firmly believed in the Popish plot charged on the Jesuits by Titus Oates. You all now know it to have been a fabrication. You may yet learn that this dark Jesuit conspiracy against the strict morality of the Gospel, is just as much fictitious. We *know* it to be fictitious: for we have ourselves examined the evidence—not secondary but primary evidence—the original and authentic documents: we are fully acquainted with the details of the whole case. The sum of what is essential in them may be briefly and perhaps very simply stated.

The dictates of the Natural Law, the positive laws of God, the laws of the Church are, as we have said, in many cases clear and certain. But in very many cases either the law itself or the application of it is doubtful: that is to say, there are good reasons for thinking that, in such or such circumstances, a certain act is prohibited, by such or such a law; and there are, on the other hand, strong reasons, perhaps as strong, perhaps something stronger, perhaps a great deal stronger, for believing that the act is not

prohibited. Examples abound in almost every page of every treatise on Moral Theology; not only in the works of Jesuits, but in works written by members of every religious body, written by theologians of the secular clergy, by theologians of every country and of every school; by Reiffenstuel, Sporer, Kick, Mastrius, Bosco, Franciscan friars Scotists and Ultramontane; by Eusebius Amort, a professed Eclectic; by the several authors of the magnificent Salamanca Course, discalced Carmelites, whose work is held in the highest esteem by the learned; by Wiggers, Daelman, Steyart, secular priests and professors in the glorious old University of Louvain; by Tournelly, Collet, Lewis Bailly, Gallicans; by Schmier, Metzger, Renz, Benedictines; by Billuart and Cuniliati, Dominicans; by Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists, and belonging to the milder school; by Joseph Carriere, a Sulpician, a most able writer, now living, and of the more rigid school. Names might be multiplied by the hundred.*

* Odd sounding names some of the above are, and, like certain Os and Macs in the British House of Commons, rather merry-making. One of Pascal's best hits is upon the subject of names. He gives a picked list of them, chiefly from the German and Spanish. We recollect to have once thrown seventy or eighty juvenile

The question then arises, how are men bound to act, how may they act, in these innumerable cases of doubt? Is there an obligation of always acting as if the law or the application of it to the existing case were not doubtful but certain; of obeying a law, of whose existence or meaning there are grave doubts, as if no doubt existed on either head?

Now the whole mystery of the more generally received system of probabilism consits in this: that when the reason against the existence of the law or its extension to the case in hand, is as strong, or about as strong as the reason for the existence of the law or its extension, then, though you are counselled, as a matter of greater perfection, to observe what is thus doubtfully prescribed, you are, how-

theologians into irrepressible fits of laughter, by reading, as a specimen of his most effective blows against probabilism, a portion, for it was impossible to get through the whole, of this euphonious catalogue. Jokes are generally flat in imitations: but we trust we shall not make Mr. Macaulay "ashamed of his species" by transcribing a score of names from the list of Irish Parsons in "Thom's Directory"—Ould, Allpress, Olpherts, Waddy, Gully, Gildea, Gubbins, Joly, Chinnery, Teape, Dobbs, Stubbs, Cobbe, Crossle, Krause, Douse, Hoops, Bagge, Brewe, Twig. "O mon père! luis dis-je tout effrayé, tous ces gens-là étaient ils chrétiens?"* This is silly enough: but in such way was all the world set laughing at the poor Jesuits.

* Pascal, *Lett. Prov.* Lett. v.

ever, not bound under pain of sin to observe it. Some have gone farther and hold that, even when the reasons against exemption from the law are decidedly stronger than those in favour of exemption, you are still exempt. We believe, however, that some of those who hold this latter modification of probabilism do, when properly understood, agree substantially with the advocates of the first and more common view of the system. The main principle on which the theory of probabilism rests is this: that a doubtful law is not binding; that to bind, its terms must be clear and unequivocal—a principle sustained by most powerful arguments from reason and authority; a principle which, it is maintained, applies to all laws human and divine; a principle which we are sure not all the learning of Oxford and Westminster Hall united together could disprove. "I cannot be satisfied with probability," says Pascal, in his imaginary conversation with the old Jesuit, "I want certainty." To which the father very justly replies, "I see you don't understand this doctrine of probable opinions; you would think differently, if you did; I must instruct you in it." Upon which the witty interlocutor proceeds to put into his mouth a long tissue of matter half irrelevant and half lies. Those who, having ex-

amined the system of probabilism, have made up their minds as to its truth, as so many of the ablest and holiest men in the Church have done, possess no longer a mere probability, but a practical certainty that they are justified in acting upon it. For the system, the "reflex principle," as it is called, is to them no longer merely probable, it is absolutely certain.

In the practical decision of certain classes of cases (as *e.g.* where there is question of an act that may prove injurious to our neighbour), the doctrine of probabilism, according to probabilists themselves, cannot be applied. Not that the principle of the non-obligation of doubtful laws is not universally true, but because, in those cases, certain other principles, of which there is no doubt, must be taken into account.

We cannot go farther into this matter. To descend into minute details and exhibit the modifications of the general maxim, as it runs through the numerous departments of moral theology, would be to the practised divine useless—besides that it is not for him we write—and to any other, even to Mr. Macaulay, unless he should have previously passed through a course of theological discipline, something worse than useless. For this, under Satan, was the

great source of Pascal's errors: he took up some books of casuistry, without any other previous preparation of mind, except a determination to find matter for cavil and raillery, and forthwith proceeded to write, with the confident and easy tone of a master, on that difficult and delicate science. An attempt considerably more daring than if a mere layman should, after dipping into one or two recondite treatises on law or medicine, seat himself in the censor's chair, and commence to instruct the world how all writers on medicine had conspired to teach the art of safely killing, and all writers on law had conspired to teach the art of rendering void every act of parliament. If Pascal had taken up the Bible in the same light, jaunting, bitterly vindictive tone, with which he took up the Society of Jesus, "all Europe might have read and admired, laughed and wept," if all Europe had been at that time sufficiently trained, as, a hundred years later, so much of France had been, when Voltaire made merry at Moses and the Prophets and the casuistry of the Old Testament; taking up the very weapons which Pascal had used, not gravely reasoning on the gravest of all topics, not weighing well and fairly stating what might be said and had been said in favour of what he attacked, but determined in any way to

"crush the wretch," a witty Apollyon, a laughter-loving Antichrist, a popular mimic, a theatrical divinity, to be killed at last by the applause of his too idolatrous audience.

That the doctrine of probabilism is certainly true, is an assertion which we, at present, do not undertake either to affirm or dispute: that it is a doctrine most dangerous in the hands of the half learned and unskilful, cannot be doubted: but, when properly understood, and when viewed as accompanied and modified by other clear, certain, and universally admitted principles of Moral Theology, that it is a doctrine in any degree deserving the aspersions that are heaped upon it as the well-spring of Jesuit casuistry, is an assertion which no one pretending to the name of a Catholic theologian could, at the present day, put forward, without stamping on his own forehead the character of grossest ignorance and most intolerable presumption. We are far from thinking that in those piles of immense folios there are not most foolish and most erroneous decisions. How, in the name of common sense, could we think otherwise, unless we claimed for private individuals an inerrancy which the most strenuous Ultramontane would not claim for the Pope himself? It is the most abominable injustice to ascribe to the whole

society, to exhibit to the world as a rule, as *the* rule, followed by all, some scandalous blunders into which Father Escobar fell in the composition of a work five times as large as Mr. Macaulay's History will be when finished, if he should live, as we earnestly hope he will live, to finish it. How many hundreds of the Jesuit Casuits, in which not one of the odious opinions imputed to so small a fraction of them is to be found? We have read scores of these writers, the most approved, the most generally prized even still, in whom we did not discover the least trace of such doctrines, except to be dissented from and reprobated. It is the meanest of unworthy artifices to refer to the approval of the local superior, as Mr. Macaulay has done, following, he always follows, in the steps of Pascal. Because the Superior of some Jesuit College, or the Provincial of the place in which the college is situated, somewhere in Spain or Germany, lends his *imprimatur* for the printing of an extensive work, which turns out to contain a set of propositions that might be all crowded into one half page, the whole society is accused not only of adopting this very half page, but of making it the rule of their daily conduct in the direction of consciences. Because half a dozen or a dozen of volumes of this description have appeared among thousands;

because half a dozen or a dozen of rectors or provincials, through simplicity or ignorance, or gross neglect, or, to suppose the worst, through criminal connivance, omitted to read themselves or have read by responsible persons, a work in four, six, eight, ten folio volumes, before permitting its publication, the whole society spread over the Christian world is a combination of panders, cut-throats, and swindlers! Then consider that these large works are, as we have said, intended not for ordinary readers even among the clergy, but for those who, having leisure capacity and previous knowledge, know how to read them aright; know what is meant as a practical direction, what as a mere ingenious speculation, to test or illustrate a principle, or to satisfy the cravings of inquisitive minds; know when a decision which in one place is laid down absolutely, according to the principles treated of in that place, is modified or flatly negatived by principles that occur elsewhere; as, for example, what is not prohibited by the laws of temperance or justice, may be prohibited by the law of charity. "In truth," says Mr. Macaulay, "if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed *any* security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained men from doing what *the Society* of Jesus

assured them that they might with a safe conscience do." What estimate are we to form of the scrupulous impartiality possessed by a learned and able historian who, at the present day, deliberately publishes a slander so offensive, so injurious, and above all, so false? For if every single charge brought by Pascal against Escobar and the few other casuists whom he has specially attacked, were true, why should *the Society* numbering so many thousands of members scattered over all the earth, be represented as actually holding, teaching, inculcating, adopting as its fixed moral code, not the general doctrines of even this handful of casuists, but the few pernicious principles found in their writings; and this too while they possessed within themselves, the fruits of their own order, hundreds upon hundreds of works, on the same subjects, far more ably written, far more extensively circulated, of far more enduring fame; and yet farther, while there is not a single particle of evidence, direct or indirect, negative or positive, to show that Escobar was ever sanctioned by the Society, was used as a text-book through the Society, was specially noted in the society, was generally read beyond the province in which it was published, or even in that province, except by professors in making up their lectures for delivery or for

publication? If every citation which Pascal makes from his Jesuit theologians were faithfully given, if every opinion which he ascribes to them were really held by them, as he represents it, neither of which suppositions is true, yet is his inference against the Society a slander so monstrous—enough to make men of generous minds burn with holy indignation, to see it uttered to the universe with applause, and repeated and perpetuated and multiplied, drowning the voice of truth with the clangour of its thousand brazen tongues. It is the trampling down of reason and justice.

Mr. Macaulay refers to the contest between Pascal and the Jesuits. He extols the beauties of his style, certainly not more than they deserve to be extolled. He relates his victory over opponents less witty, less skilled in the art of arraying the wanton fancy in the mask of truth, of making the graces of diction supply the defect of reasoning and all other defects. But he never once hints that Pascal's authorities were *not* derived from any documents, for which the society could be held responsible: that his whole argument was the common, shallow, and, in matters of this kind, most seductive fallacy of inference from particulars to generals; that the evidences of gross exaggeration and most

bitter personal hatred are so plain on the surface of his book as to create, in the mind of an impartial reader, a grave doubt of the truth of what is there alleged, and a feeling of duty to examine farther before yielding assent. Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of the Jesuit divines was, we have no doubt, generally second-hand, extremely fragmentary and limited,* and who was strongly imbued with the genuine Protestant notions on casuistry, draws back timidly from embracing Pascal's horrible conclusions. "These," said he, "and the like circumstances betrayed some of their doctors into shocking principles, which were held out to the world as the maxims of the society itself by the wit and eloquence of Pascal, one of the greatest, and, *except to the Jesuits*, one of the justest of men. *The order certainly did not adopt the odious extravagance of some members.*"† Even Voltaire says

* So we judge, especially from his exquisitely written dissertation on the "Progress of Ethical Philosophy," a work that for the interesting manner in which its materials are "set," fully deserves the praise of "inimitable," bestowed upon it by Lord Jeffrey. To a person tolerably well conversant with the subject, his mode of citing the names and opinions of the scholastics betrays pretty manifestly the extent of his familiar acquaintance in that quarter.

† Hist. of Engl. vol. ii. p 359. Something follows, which we do not quote, because we believe it to be untrue in fact and unjust in reasoning, and, if quoted, we should feel ourselves bound to

of the *Provinciales*, "The whole of these letters is built upon a false foundation, as the extravagant notions of a few Spanish and Flemish Jesuits are artfully ascribed in them to the whole body."*

In the confessional the Jesuit "priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigour *as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or Franciscan Church.* If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the saintly tones of the primitive fathers: but with that very large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, and not religion enough to keep them from doing wrong, he followed a very different

refute it—which would lead us too far. Sir James adds in a note:—"No man is a stranger to the fame of Pascal; but those who may desire to form a right judgment on the contents of the 'Lettres Provinciales' would do well to cast a glance over the 'Entretiens d' Ariste et d' Eugenie' by Bouhours, a Jesuit who has ably vindicated his order." This work we have not seen, and, writing, as we have said, only on primary evidence, we did not think it necessary to procure. We have, however, read some of the "Dialogues de Cleandre et d' Eudoxe" of Father Daniel—but in an English translation, which, so far as one book goes, fully bears out the character given by Mr. Macaulay of the English style of the Catholic controversialists of the period (vol. ii. p. 111, *note*).

* Quoted by Charles Butler; "Historical Memoirs of the Jesuits," S. viii.

system. Since he could not save them from guilt *it was his business to save them from remorse.*" There are two assertions here. First, an assertion of fact—more pointedly expressed in the author's article on the Revolutions of the Papacy—that there were among the Jesuit divines men of rigorous as well as men of milder principles of morality. Secondly, the imputation of design, that this was part of the system of the society: a combined deliberate sacrifice of the principles of the Christian religion, adopted for the purpose of extending their influence and reconciling all, the most wicked as well as the most holy, to their spiritual domination. A frightful charge (copied of course from Pascal) far blacker than that we have just been considering: for to the imputation of holding erroneous doctrines, which, in some weak or crotchety minds, might be but an error of judgment, it adds the imputation of a studied and systematic hypocrisy, such as could only exist in men of the most depraved hearts, willing dupes of the most abominable moral heresies, willing ministers of the most abominable moral prostitution.

We have no measured terms in describing slanders of this kind. They are so malicious and so brutal, that to clip and trim words in characterising

them, would be in us a criminal sacrifice of principle like that charged upon the Jesuits themselves; about as base as if we attempted to throw a veil of silken phrases over the most loathsome crimes, over the atrocities of Sawney Bean, or of the mother who, for several years, poisoned all her children to get the burial fees. Pascal may represent the whole order of Jesus, with its learned doctors, its myriads of saintly men, its apostles, its confessors, its martyrs; its thousands upon thousands renouncing property, renouncing rank, renouncing the most cherished possession of all,—their own will, their personal liberty, leading a life of continued self-denial in all things, preaching to the poor, carrying the gospel to the ends of the earth, encountering in their divine mission pestilence and cold and hunger and long watchings and endless toils and the rack and the gibbet and fire and sword—Pascal may represent them as a gang of conspirators against the very eternal truths which it was their special commission to inculcate, for which they were ready to lay down their lives and did lay down their lives: and we, forsooth, are intemperate and lack moderation and politeness of speech, if we designate this imputation by its only proper name—a damnable lie, thrown up from the crater of hell itself—a lie

which Pascal *could not but have known to be such*— a deliberate, formal, and unqualified lie. We do not mean to say that Mr. Macaulay is so much or nearly so much to blame as the Attic Jansenist; far from it; and the reasons why we should not think so are obvious. The degree of his culpability we leave to a higher tribunal: but the extent to which we may follow his authority on certain matters is sufficiently plain to us.

First, then, as to the fact, it is true that, among the Jesuit divines, there are some who have adopted the system of rigid opinions, who, in the language of the schools, are called *rigorists*. That is to say, in questions undefined by the Church, the same freedom of opinion, which prevails everywhere else, prevails also among the Jesuits. In open questions they enjoy and use the liberty of judgment which the members of every other order and those who are members of no order have always enjoyed and used. It is not more true of the Jesuit theologians that some of them teach moderate and others rigid opinions, than it is true of the Dominicans, of the Franciscans, of the Carmelites, of the Augustinians, of all other religious bodies, among whom divines have arisen; than it is true of all the schools, of all the colleges, of all the universities, of all the Ca-

tholic kingdoms in the world; of Scotists and Thomists, of Ultramontane and Gallican; of Spanish, Belgian, Italian, French, and even of our own Irish—for we have had our Sinnichius on one hand and our Arsdekin on the other; of Louvain, Salamanca, Rome, Cologne, and even the Sorbonne. In the great order to which St. Thomas belonged we have Bortholemew Medina and Bannes, two of the most celebrated doctors of that order, not only holding the system of probabilism, but recorded among the first who reduced it to scientific form, and this, too, several years before a single Jesuit writer had published one line in favour of it. In the very same order we have two of the most strenuous, and indeed intemperate, opponents of that system, Daniel Concina and Patuzzi, not to speak of many others, far abler men but using a milder tone of opposition. This is enough, which we give but as a *specimen* of what we might give. The truth is, as every one who is at all acquainted with the history of theological opinion well knows, this union of theologians of rigid opinions and theologians of moderate or, if you will, lax opinions, is no more peculiar to the Jesuits than it is peculiar to them to have among their members men of tall stature and men of short stature.

Is it then from the *fact* of this diversity of opinions among the Jesuit divines that Mr. Macaulay infers the design which he imputes? If so, then we have the whole Catholic Church, Popes, Bishops, priests, her theologians, her religious orders, her colleges, her confessors, banded together in this anti-Christian league, banded together for hundreds of years; converting whole nations to the faith of Christ by the power of the gospel of Christ's enemy; breaking down the power of Beelzebub by the very weapons of Beelzebub; building up the living temple by imps evoked from the infernal pit; bearing out the divine promises made to her, with a lie in her heart, a lie on her lips, a lie in her hand. Will Mr. Macaulay accept the consequences of his own reasoning—if this be his reasoning—will any of his readers, will the most infuriated fanatic who opens his book? And if it were accepted, how the jaws of Voltaire would gibber, how the bones of Gibbon would rattle, in their very graves, from exultation.

If this be his reasoning —— And if it be not, then we challenge him to produce a single word of evidence in proof of his charge. We give him the history of the whole Society, of every community of Jesuits in all the world, from the days of Ignatius down to this. We give him all their theologians

from Antoine the prince of rigorists to Escobar the prince of the lax: we give him all their writings on spiritual subjects and all their writings on secular subjects: we give him all their constitutions, all their special rules, all their published correspondence, every procurable letter, every loose page, every scrap: and we defy him to produce a single sentence in which this damnable design is expressed, in which this damnable design is hinted at, in which this damnable design is supposed.

The Jesuit confessors acted of course upon the principle that the same class of motives, the same exalted standard of Christian holiness, the same rule of perfect self-denial, of perfect self-abandonment, are not to be proposed to all. A principle on which every Catholic priest must act, on which every Catholic priest knowing his duty has always acted, on which the inspired Apostles themselves acted.*

* "And I, brethren, could not speak to you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, as unto little ones in Christ. I gave you milk to drink, not meat: for you were not able as yet. But neither indeed are you now able; for you are yet carnal." 1 CORINTH. iii. See also HEBREWS v. We might refer to innumerable passages of similar import. The learned Estius remarks on the text from the CORINTHIANS—"Observanda circa hunc locum Pauli prudentia; eademque omnibus evangelicæ doctrinæ ministris imitanda; ut ne proferant omnia apud omnes, sed auditorum quos nacti fuerint ingenio ac modo sese utiliter accommodent."

There are two ways in which a man, whether as confessor, preacher, catechist, or in any other form of moral instructor and guide, may accommodate himself to the variety of dispositions with which he comes in contact. The first is by a sacrifice of principle, that is, by giving up or explaining away what is clear and defined; by dispensing where he has not power to dispense. The second is by not thrusting on others his own opinions as so many indubitable maxims; by not using a particular rule as certain, where men of eminent sanctity and learning and judgment entertain different sentiments, and where the Church has not in any way pronounced; by not imposing on heads yet weak and reeling from the long sickness of habitual mortal sin, the weight of the sublimest counsels—which are *but* counsels and not binding as laws; by not rudely flashing the full blaze of the perfection of the Christian life as it shone in the great saints, upon eyes long closed in darkness, not yet able to bear unwinking, even the glimmer of the gray dawn; by adapting to the temper of individuals not only his own manner, but the very form in which he proposes the strict law—for strict in itself and unbending, it may be put in a thousand forms, winning or repulsive, the same in all. If Mr. Macaulay should

embrace the Catholic religion, and come to us for spiritual direction, we could not set before him, as his first task, to meditate on some eternal truth for an hour each morning, to fast and recite the Breviary each day. Yet there are those in the Church who do these things and far more; to whom they might be usefully counselled and safely prescribed. The Jesuits had an immense number of anodynes. Yes, truly; for the treasury of grace is rich indeed in the number and variety of instruments according to the law and within the law, whereby the endless diversity of human dispositions may be won to the observance of the law. The Jesuits became all to all. Yes, truly; for so they learned from the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and from the other eleven, and from all the men of God who walked in their way, and, like them, converted many unto justice.

We might fill volumes in illustrating and confirming all we have said, by innumerable, real, practical everyday cases. But let thus much suffice for the present. We are beginning to grow weary of refuting patent absurdities, of uttering what are to us truths, old, familiar, clearer than the noon-day sun. Sparing ourselves, perhaps we shall spare our readers too.

Pascal succeeded: the Jesuits were expelled.

"Wit and eloquence," the power of making men "laugh and weep" carried the day, the power of saying pleasant things, of making a happy retort, of polished irony, of graceful diction, of Attic style—not very unnaturally, for it was in the land of "the little song," in the land of "despotism tempered with epigrams" that the heat of the contest existed. By and by came Voltaire with *his* Attic eloquence and his wit, and expelled not the Jesuits only but Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles. We say again, is it God's truth or the devil's lie? That is the question. It is the only question: or, if it be not, let the creed and the worship of paganism return; bring back old Greece, and let Jupiter again roll his thunders and rule the world from Olympus' tops. Our firm persuasion is that, however a few—and they were *very* few—may have erred, the Society of Jesus never for one moment sanctioned or approved a single error in faith or in morals, was innocent as the saints in heaven—many of whom were then among its children—of the crimes charged upon it. But they were a mighty power, everywhere smiting the empire of Hell, and Hell rose up and collected and concentrated all his energies against them, and turned the press—the engine of so much evil as of so much good—and the hearts of

wicked princes against them; and God who promised indefectibility only to his Church and to the head of his Church, did, in his own inscrutable and adorable wisdom, for the perfection of the elect, for the punishment of the bad, permit their fall; perhaps to raise them hereafter to their ancient eminence, perhaps never again; and, if not, he will supply or has supplied their place with other workmen, against whom the Evil One may fill the quiver of another Pascal, and array wit and eloquence, laughter and tears, "the dupe, the dissembler, the bigot, the hireling—the buffoon and the sarcasm, the liar and the lie."

APPENDIX.

(SEE PAGE 168.)

Pascal, in his imaginary interview with a Jansenist doctor, is thus lectured and referred to the Jesuits themselves, for more authentic information. "It is in this way, and by virtue of the doctrine of probable opinions, the source and foundation of all this disorder, that they have spread themselves over the face of the whole earth. You may hear the same things from themselves..... I should wish you then to make the acquaintance of these worthy fathers; and, take my word for it, you will easily perceive, in the laxity of their morals, the results of their doctrines respecting grace." He accordingly applies to an imaginary Jesuit father, to whom he proposes a number of cases on the ecclesiastical precept of fasting, and receives decisions, some of them perfectly sound and some lax enough, but, of course, all abominably lax to Pascal, and of course all conveyed in the most diverting style imaginable. The poor old Jesuit is represented as a perfect simpleton, chattering away in the funniest manner about Escobar and Filiutius. We have never been at the theatre; but we think no play could be so droll. Having sufficiently drawn out and quizzed the unsuspecting father, Pascal thus proceeds, "'In truth,'

I exclaimed, 'I seem in a dream when I find religious holding language like this. My good father, tell me now, can you conscientiously maintain such opinions?' 'No indeed, I do not,' he replied. 'Then you are speaking contrary to your conscience?' 'By no means; I say this, not according to my own conscience, but according to the consciences of Ponce and Père Bauny; and surely we may follow such eminent men as these.' 'What then, my father, because they have introduced a few such lines as these into their books, can you in your conscience believe it is lawful to seek occasions of sin? I always thought that Scripture and the traditions of the Church were to be guides, and not your casuists.' 'Oh! bon Dieu!' cried the father, 'this is just like the Jansenists. Does not the authority of such men as Père Bauny and Basil Ponce make their opinions probable?' 'I am not satisfied with probability,' I replied, 'I want certainty.' 'I see,' said the father, 'you don't understand this doctrine of probable opinions; you would think differently if you did; I must instruct you in it. You will find you have not lost your time in coming here; without it you could understand nothing. It is the very foundation—the A, B, C of our system of morality.' I was delighted to find him thus fall into the topic I desired, &c. &c."

There is hardly a sentence in this short extract which does not contain a gross misrepresentation. For example, the Jesuit is made to confound a probable

conscience with a probable *opinion*: a confusion which a third-rate theological student would not fall into, and which of itself sufficiently demonstrates that either his ignorance or his malice utterly unfitted Pascal for examining fairly and pronouncing safely in a matter of this sort. The distinction between conscience and opinion is of vital and fundamental importance, and, above all, in this particular question of probabilism.

From the conversation on fasting, which as not being to our specific purpose, we have not extracted, we cull the following morsel of *lax* casuistry—and sportive wit:—

"'But tell me,' he continued, 'do you take much wine?' 'No,' I answered, 'I cannot bear it.' 'I asked the question,' said he, 'for the purpose of apprising you, that you may drink wine in the morning, and whenever you please, without violating the fast; and that is very supporting to the strength. This is decided in the same part [of Escobar,] n. 75. 'May we, without breaking the fast, drink wine at any hour we choose, and even in large quantities? We may, and even of *hypocras*.' 'I don't remember that *hypocras*,' said he, 'I must put it down in my memoranda.' 'But really this Escobar is an excellent person,' I exclaimed. 'Every one likes him,' replied the father, 'he puts such interesting questions. Look here in the same place,' &c. &c."

These extracts are taken from the English translation of Pascal, published in London a couple of years

ago, but compared throughout with the French original, and corrected in several places. We may remark here that, though the mistakes of the London translation are, in the passages just cited, of little or no importance, the volume abounds with scandalous blunders, very often totally perverting the meaning of the original and sometimes making it downright nonsense. The names of theologians often, as we have seen, queer enough in themselves, are sadly mangled. The humour is however very well preserved, which is the main, indeed we may say, the only point—the great object being to get up a hearty laugh, or perhaps a hearty yell against the Jesuits.

It may be right to observe that, in the preceding article, we use the word *Casuist* in the wider and more popular meaning of the term, as comprising all writers of practical treatises on moral theology, whether they discuss questions in the mere form of cases, as in a considerable part of the works of Gobat and Elbel, and in the whole of the *Casus Conscientiæ* that go under the name of Benedict XIV, or discuss them in the ordinary form of the school treatises.

A Night in an Orange Lodge:

WITH A SHORT APPENDIX OF OLD REMINISCENCES.

A Night, &c.

Late in the summer of 1835 I was travelling on horseback to ———. I had set out late or loitered on my way, for when I got as far as the town of M——— the shades of evening were beginning to fall. On reaching the village of G———, about three miles farther on, I determined to remain there for the night, for it was market or fair day, the way was through a Protestant country, I was clerically dressed, and being rather in a hurry to come to my journey's end, I did not choose to run the risk of such delay as the random shot of an orange gun or the stroke of an orange bludgeon might cause. So having inquired from the decentest-looking person I saw on the already thinned street, for the hotel of the town, I was directed to a comfortable looking house over the way. I bent my course to it, lit at the door, had my horse put up, walked in, and asked if this were the hotel of G——— (for it did not look like one), was answered in the affirmative, shown up stairs into a

very good sitting room, had lights put before me, and requested the brother-in-law of the house—who was bustling in a good-natured way about me—to leave me alone for some time. I soon perceived that my hotel was of the species of *deversoria* known in that quarter under the name of "carmen's stages," a better sort of public houses provided with beds for travellers. The place was good enough for me, and I was quite comfortable and satisfied, or rather would have been, but for the uproarious noise of market-day revellers, proceeding from one or two rooms contiguous to the one in which I sat. I suppose there was only a lath and plaster wall between us, for I heard the voices very distinctly. "I say Wilson is true purple and blue: he's not afeard of the papishes: he's the boy can lick them." "H—ll saize the dhrap of orange blood in his veins." "Don't say that: don't you mind the Clownish fights? he was the man shewed aff in them." "Come, Thompson, let us have no more of that, we're all for the right cause, down with the papishes and to hell with the Pope." And so went on, for a quarter of an hour or better, the symphony of words, phrases, toasts and sentiments long familiar to my ears. Suddenly the door of my room was thrown open, and a tall, red-

haired, very Protestant-looking* fellow standing on the threshold looked at me sternly for some seconds, and then turned on his heel, banging the door after him with a crash. Very soon a crowd of persons walked into the room, and commenced quietly to sit down at the table. I took up my candlestick, and walked as quietly into the adjoining closet, where I was to sleep. "Drink" was of course called for and came, and with it went round the usual clatter and din it produces in such circles at such an hour. By and by a song was called for and sung, and then, at short intervals, one or two more. They were all in the same strain; loud panegyrics of Orange prowess and victories, mingled with constant repetitions about loyalty and wading in Popish blood—two ideas, by the way, at the time closely united in the minds of both parties in those quarters. In the mean time brother-in-law gently lifted the latch, and stealing in, sat down beside me, and commenced a familiar chat—evidently with the view of drawing away my attention from

* It is worth remarking that the Catholics and Protestants in that quarter of the country are easily distinguishable from each other, by a native of the place. I could, in my boyish days, have passed through a crowd of thousands, and told with almost unerring accuracy who belonged to each of the two religions.

the proceedings in the next room, and quieting any alarms I might feel. He told me that he was the brother-in-law, and, by repeating this from time to time, seemed anxious that I should have a distinct impression thereof. He informed me, moreover, that he had a great deal to do with the management of the "consarn," meaning the house and appurtenances. In fact he was a kind of head-piece there, and at last—for his communicativeness increased as he perceived that my face and manner exhibited no sign whatever of incredulity—he was in reality the master, but people generally were not aware of this. He had very much the appearance of what in his neighbourhood would be called an "old cock;" but he was a good humoured good natured soul, who came to do me a service, and I would have sooner bit off my tongue than, by a rude smile or word, have disturbed the intense gratification which he manifestly derived from the persuasion he fancied himself producing on my mind of his own importance.

"Do you know priest Murphy?"*

"I do."

"A nice wee man he is, and a nice wee woman his mother is, Biddy Murphy of ——: I know

* This name is fictitious.

them both: she's one of the laughiest wee sowls uver ye seen: I knowed the priest since he was jist that height"—putting his hand horizontally within about six inches of the floor—"Och, man, but he's mortial like his mother: I'm towl he has a great deal of her ways, we lived beside other at that time, and throgs I'd sarve a dog belongin' to her, and I'm sure she'd a' done the same with me."

"You must be pretty well advanced in years, though you don't look old, Father Murphy is a priest for many years."

"That's a long time ago, but I mind it rightly—stay too we see, I'm sure its beyant thirty year. Your from ——, Sir?"

"No, I'm from C——."

"Then you know Billy M'Griskin, he's a friend [relative] of ours, he's married to a Roman, Jinny Mucaree, an' sorra dacenter woman from this to where she lives, she's a distant relation of priest Murphy."

He wanted to show me that he was no priest-hater, that he was what in higher circles would be called a liberal minded man, and his kind object plainly was to put me at ease in his company, which he would have succeeded in, but for the growing clamour and ferocity outside.

"Och, it's us that bate the Papists at the Clownish fighting fair.
For the boys of Lisbellaw had a noble body there,
We chaced them through the Diamond and down Fermanagh-street.
Till not a Popish face in the town you could meet,
And the loyal Clownish yeomen they did join us in the fun,
Till like water in the gullions the rebel blood did run."

"Come, boys, I'll give you a toast—here's to the tree that's watered with Papish blood and never fades."

"Here, boys, I'll give another—here's to the little house in the bog that's built with the bones of Papishes and thatched with the skins of priests, with O'Connell's head for a chimley."*

The uproar waxed greater and greater. By and by brother-in-law, who had sat for some minutes silent and anxious looking, slipped out softly and stood with his back to the door.

"I say, boys, ye's don't know what you're about, there's a Popish friar in the next room; I seen him."

This, no doubt, was from the red-haired man. There was an immediate rising and rush to the door. "Drag him out—let us have him—d——n the Popish priest, we'll give it to him—to hell with the priests—we'll tear him in pieces, &c. &c.," with frightful imprecations and blasphemies. Brother-

* Word for word as I heard it given.

in-law and another man—whose name I afterwards learned to be (if I remember rightly) Williamson—stood manfully opposite the door, parleyed, pushed, cried "shame, shame," and held their ground. The room was small, the party large, some of them perhaps intoxicated, all of them excited with the liquor. I became, I need not say, seriously alarmed for my life. I extinguished the candle and tried to drag over the bed against the door: it was what is called a *press bed*, "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," heavy and unwieldy. Failing in my efforts, I barricaded the door with the table and whatever other loose furniture lay about in the room. I then retired behind the bed, and knelt down to make the essential acts preparatory to death. I might have acted more heroically, but this was what I did. It was, perhaps, very unromantic: but I was just after finishing my course in Maynooth, and I had a great fear of eternity in my soul. The landlady came up, like a courageous woman, to remonstrate. One of the ruffians flung a large jug at her head; it missed her, however, and was smashed in pieces against the wall. Luckily it had been market day, and a large contingent of police were patrolling the streets. They were sent for and appeared after considerable delay, and after the

door of my room had been two or three times forced half open. The crowd was with some trouble dispersed; and I emancipated from my hiding place and my fears.

Nothing could exceed the fervour of brother-in-law's congratulations on my escape, and of his regret that I had been subjected to such peril and annoyance. I have not since visited, and it is not likely I shall ever again visit, that locality. I suppose that he is gone to the land where the battle of the Boyne is no more "fought o'er again." But if he still lives, the best wish I can have for him is that Jinny M'Aree may bring him over to have "wee priest Murphy" attending him on his death bed.

The foregoing little sketch was written more than a year ago, and for a purely literary purpose. Recent events have directed the attention of the whole empire to the spirit and working of the Orange Institution. My native town, which is situated in the upper part of the county Monaghan, became about the middle of the year 1827, and continued for a long time after, perhaps the most renowned scene in all Ireland of perpetual conflicts between the Orangemen and Catholics. I was an eye-wit-

ness of the first of these encounters, as well as of most that followed for fifteen or sixteen months after. It was on the part of the assailants of a most savage and cowardly description. The attack was commenced on a fair day by a body of the Protestant* party, most of whom had, according to a preconcerted plan, come from remote localities for the purpose. The Catholics, not suspecting what was in store for them, were totally unprepared, and of course at once put to flight—though not without some exhibitions of heroic bravery, one of which I remember very vividly—for the Orangemen were all well armed with bludgeons, and sustained by a body of two or three hundred yeomen who, before the affray had lasted five minutes, appeared suddenly and as if by magic in the Orange ranks, with their guns, bayonets, red coats, and helmets. These attacks, in *every* instance commenced by the Orangemen, were repeated from week to week afterwards on market day, but especially at the fairs that were held on the last Thursday of each month, until the

* I take this word according to local usage. There was not a single Protestant of respectability in C———, or in the whole country for miles round, who was not either an avowed Orangeman or notoriously favourable to them, and who did not always rejoice at the successful termination of the conflicts described above.

trade of the town, which had been previously in a most flourishing state, was utterly ruined. My recollection of what I witnessed so often with my own eyes, before I entered college, and afterwards during the vacation months, is, after the lapse of from seventeen to twenty-two years, vivid and minute enough. I do not purpose to encumber these pages with any lengthened details, but a few of the leading features of the events which passed under my own view, may not prove uninteresting or uninstructive to some readers of the IRISH ANNUAL MISCELLANY.

What appears to me *now*—for at the time, I think, it did not appear—as the most revolting circumstance connected with those abominable proceedings, was the open complicity of the parsons in them. An orange flag was always hoisted on the twelfth of July from the steeple of the Protestant Church. On the occasion above alluded to, of the first of the "fighting fairs," as they came to be called, after the streets had been completely cleared by the Orangemen and yeomen, the former paraded them in all directions and in large bodies, waving their bludgeons over their heads, and calling out for the face of a Papist or a "penny-boy."* When

* An allusion to the "Catholic Rent."

this act of the drama had closed, the yeomen were drawn up in rank and file, in the Diamond, and Dean R———, a magistrate and head parson of the place, reviewed them on horseback, smiling and exhibiting in his manner the most exuberant gratification. This man, whose clerical income was very large, could not have been much under eighty years of age. He died a couple of years ago universally believed a centagenarian. His white hairs and venerable appearance seemed very much out of keeping with the scene. I have not been in that locality on the twelfth of July for a long time, except once in the summer of 1845, when there was a grand procession of Orangemen, decked out with all their party insignia, and playing the usual offensive tunes of "Croppies lie down, &c.," the leaders of each body carrying drawn swords. At the head of this procession marched the Rev. Mr. W———, sub-parson of the town and curate of the aforesaid Dean R———. His horse and himself were decorated with a profusion of orange lilies and ribbons.

What made this exhibition of clerical Orangeism still more offensive and unpardonable, was the contrast presented to it by the conduct of the Catholic clergy; who, on all occasions, in all places, and in the most uncompromising language, discounte-

nanced, condemned and denounced the Ribbon societies. I had some excellent opportunities of knowing a good deal about those same Ribbon societies; and I can testify that they comprised a most insignificant number and most contemptible section of the Catholic population, the very scum of the lowest order, the sweepings of back lanes and road vagrancy. No person of the least respectability belonged to them or associated with them. I speak of the place and period known to me: whether a different picture could be drawn of other places and times I know not. A score or two of this band used to hold their clandestine orgies in a low house owned by a man named J. F., who was some years later transported for sheep stealing. I knew him well, and a son of his, too, a noted pilferer, who not improbably has since joined his expatriated parent. I should not wonder, however, if the atrocities of Orangeism subsequently contributed to swell the ranks of the Ribbon societies.

The next general feature in the history of the religious wars—or rather persecution, for it lay all on one side—of those times was that no such thing as law existed for the Catholic party, not the faintest hope of obtaining redress. The magistrates were either sworn Orangemen or, what was practically

the same thing, as strongly prepossessed with the feelings of that body as if they had been sworn of it. If in these "fighting fairs" an Orangeman happened to receive a "sevendable" beating in attempting to inflict one, some Catholics were sure to be arrested and punished. During my stay there, *not one of the Orangemen* was arrested; and, when afterwards charges were preferred against them, no conviction followed. The conviction of an Orangeman or the acquittal of a Catholic by a C—— bench of magistrates or a Monaghan jury, was a thing not to be thought of in those days.

Then the yeomen and subsequently the constabulary, who were almost all thoroughly imbued with the bitterest anti-Catholic feeling, generally joined the Protestants in those onslaughts. If, as sometimes happened, the latter party assailed the "rebels," even-handed and without the help of the red-coats or police, they were sure to be very soon put to flight. This may have been otherwise on the occasions from which Carleton drew the materials of his animated description of party fights in the immediate neighbourhood of his own native place; but so far as the sphere of my reminiscences extends, a more dastardly, potato-hearted, and at the same time bloodthirsty crew than the Orange

body, did not exist on the face of the earth. Of the many engagements which I witnessed between them and the Catholics, in every one without exception in which they had not the advantage of numbers, or arms, or the aid of one or both of the aforesaid forces, they were invariably routed at the first blow.

Much of this, so far as C—— is concerned, now belongs to past history: since that dismal period a considerable change has taken place for the better. That the poisonous roots have been plucked out of the hearts of the people, I am far from being sure: but its outward manifestations have been checked by the influence of poverty, famine, pestilence, the ruin of trade, and—honour to whom honour—by the discouragement of succeeding liberal governments.

THOUGHTS ABOUT

Convents and the Contemplative Life.

The Devil's policy—How convents stand in common estimation—Consideration of contemplative and active life: preference given by some to the latter—How to reason on this question: examination of it from first principles—Perfect union of the active and contemplative life: difficulty of securing this: causes of the difficulty—The spiritual exercises—Our tone of sentiment in this essay: why adopted—Objection to our doctrine—"Walking Lucifers"—Replies to objection—How society is made and preserved—How the different vocations in society are determined for individuals—The true idea of Christian perfection for the members of each state: for married women: for children—Perfect harmony of the Catholic system—Delineation of the Christian Church in the Old and New Testaments: realized perfectly through the religious orders—Influence of the religious life upon the world: the ways of Divine Providence herein—What the nuns do for us: how we are to judge of them.

The following article grew partly out of some casual conversations which I have had from time to time, during the last two or three years, with some excellent young Catholic gentlemen, whose literary attainments may have been respectable, but whose depth of Catholic feeling and knowledge of Catholic doctrine and of the spirit of the Catholic religion were not very profound.

Thoughts, &c.

I HAVE read a hundred times in those golden little books which Thomas a Kempis loved to bring with him into little corners, and perhaps have myself had occasion to observe, that the devil often apes the ordinary ways of God. He does not set about accomplishing a great work suddenly, startlingly: he sows the seed invisibly, bides times and seasons, puts not his sickle into the green stalk, but watches from his hiding place until the ear is ripe. He will hardly try to persuade a man with ordinary clearness of vision, in the cloudless noonday, that a garment of virgin white is jet black. But he will persuade him to hang it up in some spot of mildew or dust or smoke; or he will blow his blackening breath upon it: or, if, as frequently happens, he cannot succeed in this way, he, with cunning manipulation, and while your eyes are turned aside, substitutes for it some article of like form from his own wardrobe; or, failing all, he goes to rest until the shades of darkness fall, and colours are no longer distinguishable.

To the common observer, the plain man of the world who judges of persons and things by the rough standard of general usefulness and ordinary Christian decorum, nunneries, as they have hitherto existed in this country, are rather objects of respect and approbation, at least of positive toleration, in every way harmless and in many ways very beneficial. Some steadfast Protestants, not deeply read in Calvin's Institutes, rather like to have convents on their estates, make small donations to them and have a good word for their inmates. The pious ladies are so useful in teaching the children of the poor how to read and write and sew, to observe habits of cleanliness, and to keep out of evil ways. Then, they stay within doors, abstain from politics, and give no trouble to any one. Now, to the devil who hates nunneries, all this is very odious; but he cannot help it—the white robe shines in the full noon; so he awaits his time, if it should ever come, and longs for the twilight.

Yet what constitutes the perfection of the religious state, as such, whether in convents of men or of women, are not so much the works of fraternal charity which appear, as the unobserved life of contemplation and exact discipline. And this is the portion of the nun's life which is not appreciated by

so many who are charmed by the untiring zeal with which they instruct the ignorant, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and visit the sick.

The highest virtue in man, it is often said, is active disinterested benevolence. He is the best Christian who does the most good to his fellow-creatures. God having destined us to live in the social state, intended that we should find our perfection therein. A purely contemplative life is inconsistent with the order established in this world. Such are the sentiments one sometimes hears from persons well meaning, kind-hearted, but whose thoughts, nourished on air, fly too swiftly.

How do you know that God wills each and every one of us to remain in the state of active life, as it is called? Nothing indeed can be more evident than the fact that nearly all do so live, and cannot, humanly speaking, live otherwise. Equally evident is the inference that God wills this to be the general condition of our fallen nature. But what argument can you bring to convince me or yourself that God has not established also the contemplative state, and has not called thereto a number of persons, after whose retirement from the busy scenes of the world, its affairs go on as before.

With persons possessing an ordinary share of

Christian feeling and fairness of mind, the central difficulty, from which all others radiate, against the contemplative life is this: that state may have its own excellence, may be not altogether bad, but it is less good: it is an absorption of powers given for other purposes, a burying of the "talents" lent to work with: the Carthusian who hides his days in utter retirement might, with half the persevering fervour required for such a life, work wonders in the world; he has chosen the less not the more perfect part.

To place this matter in a clear light and on a true foundation, we must go back to some of the first principles of the Christian religion. You must come with me "apart into a desert place and rest a little." You must lift your eyes above the lurid atmosphere of this earth and its glancing fallacies, into a region of calmer and surer light. You must judge of the designs of God by what he has himself revealed of them, and not by your own sense-begotten ideas of what is fit and right and beautiful and good. You will say that I am about to deliver a pious homily, a theological lecture, instead of keeping to the plain broad principles, which common men understand and are convinced by. But, in raising this objection, you desert the very path

in which you profess to stand, and to which you wish to confine me. You do not apply the principles of political economy to solve a problem in pure mathematics: you do not measure the sun's distance by the same instrument which sounds the depths of the sea: you do not try to discover the nature and powers of mind by the same kind of observations whereby you ascertain the nature and powers of body. Common sense, common feeling, common experience have their own sphere of teaching and practical guidance: beyond this they are useless to lead and dangerous to be led by. Skilful artists make statues and pictures that have in them every thing of life and motion except life and motion themselves. The senseless image serves its purpose, which is to represent life, and all the art of man cannot make it be what it seems. This is indeed obvious enough. Not less obvious is it that the whole is greater than a part; yet from this and a few other such truisms have we commenced to learn that science which contains such an endless chain of difficult and interesting truths. In questions regarding religion, mistakes are committed every day, because in our inquiries we neglect to trace our course from the first principles of religion itself, fastening all our reasonings on them and judging all things in their light.

What is it that we find in the first chapter of the Christian Doctrine—among the elementary revealed truths in which, I suppose, all who call themselves Christians are agreed? We find this, that the end for which God created man is to know him, love him, serve him in this life and be eternally happy with him in the next. All other ends are but as means to this, and end in this end. This is our business here, and we have no other business whatever except what is involved in this or directed to it. I implore of you, before you proceed a step farther, to turn this truth so simple yet so deep—O how deep!—over and over again in your mind: dwell upon it, look into it more and more closely: your vision will be exhausted ere you have scanned it through.

It is indeed a good and holy work to sacrifice our time, ease, money, in ministering to the wants of others; and—as I have already said and shall hereafter more fully explain—with most people it is a duty, a part of the service of God himself. Still there is a service of God, in itself, more perfect, a service that brings us nearer to him, unites us more immediately with him. We must not judge of these things by our natural, half animal instincts of pity, affection and the like. God alone

is infinitely perfect: he alone possesses in himself the eternal beauty and goodness and mercy and love which, if seen in themselves, would absorb and fix the whole heart and soul for ever. The state of the blessed in heaven is more perfect than ours in this scene of probation: and its essential perfection arises from this that they ever see God as he is, and love him without the distractions by which even works of fraternal charity so often disturb and dissipate our minds on earth. Walking as yet by faith, and seeing only as through a glass in a dark manner, we can but approach to this perfection afar off. Still we can approach to it. God alone is worthy of the entire love of our hearts. To dwell in the contemplation of his infinite perfections and of his works as so many revelations of these perfections, to praise him, to pray to him, to adore him, to love him, without interruption—these surely constitute the sublimest, the holiest exercise of our faculties: these surely accomplish in the highest degree the great end for which our faculties were given. It is good to think of the wants and sufferings of the poor; but it is better to think of God. It is good to love our brother not in word only but in work; but it is better to love God. It is good to study how we may promote the

happiness of our fellow-creatures, but it is better to study how we may disengage ourselves from them and live only for God. It is good for a woman to marry and be solicitous how she may please her husband; but it is better for her to remain unmarried, and be solicitous how she may please God alone.

I speak of the contemplative life as distinguished from the active. If indeed the perfection of both could be united in the same individual—as it has been in so many of the saints and in the Saint of Saints himself during the years of his ministry—this were, no doubt, the highest perfection of all: because it combines the perfection of both, and there is no sort of perfection which is not comprised in it.

If I could as surely and as permanently attain to perfect charity in the active as in the contemplative state, then blessed would be my lot among the children of men. But it must be borne in mind that the ordinary inheritance of humanity is a weak and wounded nature, so hard to lift up to the knowledge and love of heavenly things and so very hard to keep there; so liable, from its own inward proneness and from outward attractions, to be drawn away by business that divides the heart and plea-

sures that lull it and passions that corrupt it. Books, pictures, companions, the bright fire in winter, the bright sky in summer, the ripe fruit, the blooming flower, gold and silver and precious stones, music and dancing, and stories of the olden time, the loveliness of women in the eyes of men, the comeliness of men in the eyes of women; whatever charms the hearing or the sight, whatever is agreeable to the taste, the touch or the smell; all combine to woo the soul away from the far-distant, the spiritual, the supernatural, and wed it to themselves. Why must I say so much on what every one knows, or use so many words in expressing what has been so well conveyed in three—the devil, the world and the flesh?

You do not learn languages or history or metaphysics without much attention and thought; and you will not become a perfect master in any difficult branch of human knowledge, nor retain permanently what you have once acquired, without much reflection and occasional repetition. Immeasurably more difficult it is to learn first and then retain the divine truths which are the light of the soul in its heavenward journey and the viaticum too. I do not mean remembering as the rules of grammar are remembered. I do not mean keeping in the mind

as a lamp is held under a cloak, but putting before it as if a glorious torch which at once guides and fixes the eye—guides by fixing. I mean that kind of knowledge which is ever present or ever reappearing; which influences every deliberate thought word and action through life; which makes itself a voice in the centre of the soul, and ever rings there the only sound worth listening to—Avoid sin, love God, work for the life that endeth not. The present, vivid, living apprehension of the great truths of religion; the thought of God, of eternity, of death, of heaven, of hell, of the love shown to us, of the graces given to us in the passion of Christ and in all the parts of it and in all the acts of his life on earth, through the sacraments, through the Church's teaching, in a thousand ways; this thought not passing over the soul, but lying upon it, as the sunbeams in cloudless summer lie upon the earth and warm and fertilize it; this thought it is that, enlightening the soul, enables it, by seeing clearly, strongly to feel that God alone is good, and that whatever takes away the heart from him takes it away from the more perfect service of him. It is ordinarily impossible to persevere in a sinless life without frequent consideration of this kind, and without very constant consideration it is absolutely

impossible to attain to the perfection of holiness. And, then, the three named above keep the mind so enveloped in a thick mist with its thousand rainbow hues to attract, that we will lose sight of these truths or turn away from them, unless, by deep, frequent, earnest recollection, we retain them always near to us. The more, therefore, we are disengaged from business, from creatures, and from all relations with them, the more fixedly will the spirit of recollection in God be preserved, the less will that spirit be exposed to the danger of being lost or diminished.

You have probably heard of what is called a Spiritual Retreat. To one who has never performed or witnessed this exercise it would be difficult to give a just idea thereof by any description and impossible unless by a very minute and lengthy description. It is little else than a practice for the time being of the contemplative life—the hidden life with Christ in God. It was in this exercise that Loyola his companions and followers were formed to achieve the wondrous works, whose magnitude they who most shudder at the name of Jesuit do, by the very excess of their own fears and the violence of their invectives, most loudly proclaim. Whatever was most heroic in

their zeal, most ardent in their charity, most Christ-like in their endurance of wrong were begotten here and flourished and matured. That mighty society is rent into pieces and scattered; but the spiritual, unlike the animal life, is still strong in the dissevered fragments: for the principle of it is preserved; and, if it is God's will that ever again they should rise into a new body like the old, this will be the seed of their resurrection and their glory.

These devotional sentiments of the last few pages may appear out of place in this volume which I call an "Annual Miscellany." I have felt and would rather have avoided this inconvenience: it has jangled and cramped my mind. But I know not how to consider this topic, under the view in which it presents itself to me, in any other than a spirit as deeply devotional as the measure of Christian feeling given to me by God enables me to entertain. And—avoiding cant or display—I think it is better to express these sentiments in the language that *does* express them. The topic is daily treated of in writings and in conversations not bearing a more sacred character or title than this miscellany. If you will discuss with me a subject which, according to my belief, should awaken the most hidden spiritual sympathies, you cannot rea-

sonably expect that I shall proceed to handle it in the temper and style of a philosopher of this world's affairs or a chronicler of merely this world's history.

Against the doctrine I have laid down it will be objected—has been objected, and the objection replied to, over and over again; that, if these principles were carried out, society would be thrown into utter confusion and the indispensable duties of men towards each other trampled upon over the whole face of the earth. Parents would desert their children and children their parents; cities would become desolate and fields untilled. The striving that keeps life and health in the social body would cease; silence and gloom would cover all.

I do not wish in the least degree to sanction, by adopting, the bantering style of argument so constantly used, as the veil of fallacy and misrepresentation, on this and kindred topics. But it is impossible to subdue and difficult to conceal the strong feeling of scorn and derision which kindles in the mind on reading or hearing the whining declamations of certain speculative philanthropists. They take the charge of the whole human race upon their broken backs. They set themselves up to regulate the time-piece of the universe, to counsel heaven, and audit the great account book between God and

man. They call for a broom to sweep the earth, while their own dunghill is accumulating and steaming under their own nostrils. Like the fool mentioned by a late celebrated wit, who "sat up whole nights watching over the British constitution," they speculate on every one's business and brood over every one's wickedness but their own. They weep for the man of sin and the abominations of the seven hills, and forget the abominations that choke and blind them in their own city or hamlet. Their eye is fixed on the murky cloud while their feet are plodding and their garments drabbled in the black mire. The progress of the species, the improvement of the species, the happiness of the species; the mild law of the gospel, rational Christianity, gloomy superstition; these are the phrases ever on their lips. They forget that our true progress is towards a better life, our true improvement in the sanctification of our souls, our true happiness in serving God here and enjoying him hereafter; that the law of the Gospel is mild to grace but harsh and unbearable to nature; that Christianity is rational because it appeals to our rational faculties though jarring with our merely animal instincts; because, though, in many things, it is above reason, in nothing does it contradict reason,

because it rests on unshaken evidence, having its roots in reason and supported by reason, because it is interpreted by reason understood by reason; because it is a supplement to reason, the enlightenment of reason, the guide of reason, the embodiment of a higher and diviner reason. They forget that what they call the gloom of superstition is the light of the heart, its silence and its perfect devotedness; that the Christian religion itself was called a superstition by the philosophers of an age that did not understand it; that we ought not to condemn an act as superstitious until we have learned the meaning of it. But to come to a direct reply to the objection stated above.

I answer, first, that society *will* stand as it has stood when the very doctrine which I propound was the common belief of Catholic Europe. Society is not the work of man but of God: like the material universe about us, it will be preserved by him as long as it is his will that it should last. Individuals may separate themselves even in considerable numbers from the social body, but it remains; as the skill of man sometimes encroaches on the sea but cannot fill it up. The cravings and wants and instincts of the great mass of human beings are a sufficient guarantee for this.

I answer, secondly, that as it is God's will that human society should continue to the end of the world, and as the contemplative life itself could not subsist without it, so God has preordained and called but a small number to this sort of life.

Men fall into the different states of society according to a thousand apparently accidental circumstances, which are not however all accidental but often designed by God to indicate and accomplish his will:—circumstances of birth, wealth, indigence, the wish of parents, counsel of friends, personal inclination, peculiar aptitude of bodily frame, of strength, of stature, of health, of talents, prosperity, adversity, convenience, whim, time, place, disappointed love, the death of a relative, the secret inspirations of heaven and so forth. The external or internal marks of a vocation to the contemplative life have fallen upon very few. For example the bulk of men and women—including of course devout Christians—incline to the married rather than to the celibate state. Again, of the few whom God's grace calls to a life of celibacy a very large proportion prefer to live in the world.

I answer, thirdly, that perfection for each individual consists in discharging with exactness, fervour, and perseverance the duties of the state of life in

which God has placed him; and, if he seeks perfection in works incompatible with these duties, he errs, casting away what he has, and seeking for what he cannot find. For example, external circumstances, inward inclination, competent talents and knowledge, God's grace and the sanction of ecclesiastical authority have combined to place a young man in the priesthood. He is appointed to the discharge of missionary duties. He admires the purely monastic life: he thinks it, in itself, more perfect than that in which he is engaged, but not more perfect for him. He does not feel that he is called thereto: he does not feel that he possesses the frame of mind fitting for it, the effective inclination to embrace it. Now his sphere of work is his oratory, his study, the confessional, the pulpit, the sick bed. If he neglected his active duties to yield himself up exclusively to contemplation, he would find therein not his sanctification but his utter ruin.

It is so with all states of life. A woman is married and has a family. She would sin grievously by deserting her husband and children for a convent. Whatever may be her yearning after seclusion, she is not now called by God to that sort of life: it is his clear will and command that she

remain where she is. In fulfilling the duties of wife and mother she will find her perfection. "She shall be saved through childbearing, if she continue in faith and love and sanctification with sobriety." Nay more her husband can, at will, render void and of no effect any vow or vows whatever made by her and interfering with her duties towards him or her children. Farther still, according to the more common and more probable opinion of our theologians, the husband can nullify *all vows whatsoever* made by his wife, whether interfering with domestic duties and arrangements or not. Hence if she make a vow of becoming a nun after his death, he can, by the mere expression of his authoritative will to this effect, nullify such vow so that, when he dies, she is not bound by it any more than if it never had been made.

Again, if parents require the labour of a child as a necessary means for their own suitable support, it is not lawful for the child to become a monk or a nun, as long as the parental necessity continues. Nay, if, even after the child has become a professed religious, the parents should fall into extreme want or the immediate danger thereof, and if the assistance of the child is necessary for their relief, the latter not only may leave but is bound to leave the

convent to preserve the parents' life. All these assertions, I may add, are carefully worded in accordance with the common doctrine of our theologians.*

Thus, in the Catholic system, all things harmonize; the elements of this life and the elements of grace; the rational wants of the mere man, the supernatural aspirations of the heir of immortality; the laws of nature, the laws of revelation, human laws; the rights of society over us, our own right of being free, in certain cases, from the controul of society. The lines of duty, like many-coloured threads in the "flashing loom," cross and recross, not snapped asunder nor entangled, but woven together into one texture—fitness in the intersected parts, beauty in the seamless whole. This will appear still more evident from one or two reflections which I have yet to make, and which I have reserved for the close of this essay.

Jesus Christ came not only to redeem the world by his blood, but to teach a new and higher perfection, to establish new and surer means thereto, to impart a fuller and clearer knowledge of God and

* S. Thom. 2. 2. Quæst. 189. Art. 6. Vide et Salmant. Tract. 17. C. 3. n. 58. Tract. 15. C. 3. P. 3. § 2. cum ibi citat. item S. Alphons. lib. 4. n. 234. lib. 5. n. 66, &c. (Edit. *Heilig.*)

to bring men nearer to him. In this more perfect and more divine dispensation, it was most fitting that a state more perfect and more divine than any the world hath hitherto seen should be established. In the kingdom of Christ on earth, because it is on earth, the devil walks about through crowded marts and buys and sells, the world babbles with its ten thousand times ten thousand tongues, poor human nature, weak and wounded still, frets and troubles itself about many things. It was therefore to be expected that an institution would be formed therein for the perpetual practice of the highest virtues in the highest degree: an institution gathered from the Church, a part of the Church, identified with the Church, communicating to the Church the glory and the merit of its own holiness as the holiness of the Church herself working in her holiest members. In this Church, described in language so glowing by the inspired writers of the old law and the new—the kingdom, the temple, the fold, the body, the spouse of Christ; the house of the living God, the mountain of his holiness, the joy of the whole earth; a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle, founded in justice, its stones laid in order by the divine hand, its foundations of sapphires, its bulwarks of jasper; no more having the sun for its

light by day nor the brightness of the moon to enlighten it; unto which the Lord shall be for an everlasting light, and its God for its glory; whose people shall be all just, the branch of his planting, the work of his hands to glorify him. In this Church which so many wondrous works, through so many ages, were most wondrous as foreshadowing and preparing for; the inspirations of the prophets, the scourging of Egypt, the dividing of the sea, the pillar of fire, the burning mountain, the brazen serpent, the manna, all the miracles of the desert, the chosen people, the royal nation, the adoption of children and the glory and the testament and the giving of the law and the service and the promises. In this Church so holy in its author, so holy in its apostles, so holy in its law, so holy in its doctrine, so holy in its sacraments, so holy in its sacrifice. In this Church to whose keeping, for whose sanctification were given the truths so infinitely transcending human thought, so lifting up the heart that dwells upon them far above all earthly things; "Be you perfect as also your heavenly father is perfect: Love one another as I have loved you: Pray without ceasing: If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me: Learn of me because I am meek and humble

of heart: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me: Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." In this Church it was most fitting that a state of heavenly perfection should be provided, to which God would call whom he would choose for it; a more adequate fulfilment of the olden type and prophecy, a more living type of the higher state in heaven; a more practical and sublime embodiment of the evangelical counsels; not, as some would represent, a substitute for religion in others, but a filling up in the church of what in them is wanting, her strongest voice of prayer, her joy and her crown, her spotless girdle, her foundations of sapphire, her gates of jasper, the life of love eternal in her inmost bosom, through which she is fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array.

The interests, even the merely temporal interests of society, are not always best promoted by the labour of busy men who run to and fro and carry burthens through the crowd. It is, I think, commonly admitted among Christians, that the prayers of holy persons may sometimes contribute very much to avert the calamities of famine or pestilence

or war, and to bring down the blessings of this life on their fellows. That supernatural graces are by the same means far more frequently and far more surely obtained for many a weak and many an erring soul, cannot be doubted. The wicked are spared to repentance for sake of the just, and are converted through their prayers. The Church is beloved and protected and preserved for ever by God, because of the holiness that is ever in it, though many are in it not holy. Moses prayed while the Israelites fought. It is something for us, whose arms are struggling in the battle of life, to have other arms lifted to heaven for us in constant supplication. 'Tis a deep mystery, this providence by which, in the order both of nature and of grace, we are knit together in a common body, and bear each other on, in different ways, to our common end. We are constantly attracted and occupied by sensible things, and witness every day and in every event that passes before us, what appears but the natural sequence of cause and effect. The course of affairs does not in our eyes proceed with the minute harmony of well ordered machinery, only because the natural forces that direct them disturb each other, and thus by an infallible regularity produce irregularity. Hence the most thoughtful

among us do not, I fear, sufficiently consider how much of supernatural agency there is at work in the world: how much visible causes are thereby in many ways modified: how very different the result of our individual or combined operations would often be, how very different the state of society, if the moral order were left, like the physical, to the working of certain fixed and unvarying laws; if a change in the former, which is sometimes called a special providence, were not of far more frequent occurrence than a change in the latter, which is rare and is called a miracle. We are unable to say in particular cases whether or how far this special providence interferes; whether or how far what seems to us the natural effect of certain causes has been otherwise brought about. We may not be able to pronounce what particular link the hand of God has formed in the chain of events; yet we may be sure that his hand has been there. Take as an example the history of Europe and of France, and of the French Church, from the assembling of the States General to the dictatorship of Cavaignac. We can perhaps trace every single event, sufficiently known to us, of that eventful time to natural causes apparently not inadequate to its production: yet we doubt not that an overruling Providence

was at work therein from first to last. If wicked old Dubois, and others like him, dead before the terrible period began to dawn—rather to darken—had so large a share in its evils; the prayers of many, never heard by human ear, the sufferings for justice' sake, never witnessed by human eye, the good works, the faith and hope and burning love in many a forgotten cloister, unrecorded in human history—how large a share have these not had in lifting up a prostrate church, in rebuilding a shattered world. Much of this seems to me like an admitted truth, yet is questioned; admitted in the abstract, questioned only when applied. The dispute is, in words, about a principle, in reality, more about a fact. The hands and feet and tongue work in the material body; but it is from the heart unseen within the life blood flows that invigorates them—the living soul is through all. It is even so in the church of God. We work in noon-day toil with roughened hands: but the daily sacrifice, the sacraments, the prayers of the just made perfect are the channels through which the divine spirit mysteriously communicates the blessing of grace upon our labours and ourselves. The Jews look for signs, the Greeks for human wisdom: but the foolish things of the world are chosen to confound the wise, weak

things to confound the strong, and things that are contemptible and are not to bring to nought things that are. Paul planteth, Apollo watereth, but God giveth the increase—giveth in the way established by himself—giveth to them that ask and seek and knock, to themselves and those they ask for.

You admire the active state: blame not then the state of these nuns silent, shut in, dead to the world. For theirs is indeed an active and working life—in a far higher sense than yours—working for us too, though we do not hear the noise of its labour. Grace alone can bear, nature is unequal to the toil of it. They who live it must every day mortify their passions and die every day: must restrain every sense and regulate every deliberate movement of the heart according to the dictates of reason and religion. The eye hath its concupiscence, the tongue is a world of iniquity, an unquiet evil, the will inclines to wrong. In the religious life the eye is trained to shut, the tongue to be still, the will to bend to another's will. It is a life of angelic purity, of fervent prayer, of canticles of praise, of deep meditation every day on the great truths of eternity and the rules of Christian perfection. The vanities and scandals of the world in dress, in conversation, in everything are banished from it. All are aban-

doned and sacrificed that prevent the heart from knowing God alone and loving him alone. It is a blessed life—a life of all the beatitudes, and blessed are they who are chosen for it.

If God has not called you to this state, you can save your soul in the world—perhaps more securely than in a convent. But as to those whom he has called—let them be. Judge not harshly what you know so imperfectly. Do not blaspheme what you do not understand. Light abundant is given to you to know the divine law as far as it applies to you: but all the revealed counsel of God is not revealed to all. The wisdom of this world teaches her own lesson, if she attempts to interpret a higher science she will but darken it. Daylight discloses the beauty of earth, but it hides the glory of the stars far away: they are seen in another light. When the night comes that shall wrap the visible world from the eye, the invisible will be seen. These religious stand not in your way. Their daily prayers ascend to heaven in your behalf. Perhaps you need their prayers. Let them be.

The Sister of Mercy.

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And the warning chime of the convent bells
Tolls our silent life away.
The loud world's busy hum
Murmuring ever more,
Breaks on our dim old walls,
As waves break on the shore.
Like the voices we used to hear
Long ago in childhood's prime,
Are the ties of a long dead world,
The thoughts of a long past time.

They tell of life's sparkling sea,
Of its dancing billows where
The voyager's laugh rings merrily
From a heart as light as air.
But they tell not of the storms
That swell its angry waves,
The sunken rocks, the hideous forms
That lie in the ocean caves;

The wrecks that toss in the gale,
The lost that are buried beneath,
The struggle, the gasp, the drowning wail,
That follow so oft the sunbright sail,
O'er the pitiless realms of death.

They number us with the dead,
With our hearts so cold and dry;
For us the sky is a roof of lead,
And earth is like the sky.
But the sinless soul hath wings to soar
Above these prison bars
To a glorious home of its own,
Beyond the golden stars.
The light of this seeming, dying life,
Faded out from the eye of clay,
Glows in the franchised spirit,
Never to feel or fear decay.

They speak of a mother's delight,
They tell of wedded bliss,
They paint a world so warm and bright,
And say that world is this.
But the true world we too sometimes see,
Life in its house of withering bones,
Life on its couch of agony,

As it heaves and weeps and groans;
The father's broken heart,
The mother's about to break,
The crushing blow, the stinging smart.
O wedded love, we've seen what thou art,
And not what dreamers make!

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And sweet as the chime of the convent bells,
Glides our life with God away.
In the roar of a maddened world,
In battling passions' thrill,
Martha's work and Mary's part
Our endless portion still.

Could you but a moment share
The bliss, like that above,
Of a life of silent prayer,
A life of working love;
The glory of earth would seem
Black as the trodden leaf,
False as the dream of a dream,
As the flash of the lightning brief.
All must pass away,
And wither and die and rot;

But the love of God abides and burns
In the heart that deserts him not.

Then leave us here to pray,
Then leave us here to love,
Our prayer will be that you may rise
With us to God above!

Whiteside's Italics.

What Mr. Whiteside thinks of the Pope, the Revolutionary Government in Rome, and French intervention—What we think of the same, and of Mr. Whiteside.

Whiteside, &c.

THE VICISSITUDES OF THE ETERNAL CITY; OR ANCIENT ROME: WITH NOTES CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL. BY JAMES WHITESIDE, ESQ., A.M., M.R.I.A., *one of her Majesty's Counsel, Author of "Italy in the Nineteenth Century."* London: BENTLEY, 1849.

THE readers of Carlyle's works are familiar with a class of persons, whom, in his own rather quaint, but not less picturesque, manner, he designates "Windbags." Now the writer of the book before us is a genuine specimen of the windbag class. This Mr. Whiteside published, some time ago, a work on Italy, in three volumes, characterized, in no small degree, by three qualities often enough combined together in the same subject—ignorance, impudence and excessive prejudice. Mr. Macaulay tells us, in the second volume of his History, that James the Second used a mode of arguing "not uncommon among dull and stubborn persons who are accustomed to be surrounded by their inferiors. He asserted a proposition; and as often as wiser people ventured respectfully to show that it was erroneous, he asserted it again in exactly the same

words, and conceived that, by doing so, he at once disposed of all objections." So Windbag Whiteside having published a work on Italy, which was received by critics of all grades, classes and creeds with a shout of derision and contempt, forthwith proceeds to publish another work on Italy, written in exactly the same spirit—this being *his* way, too, of silencing all objections. We of course speak only of that portion of the volume before us which is the fruit of Mr. Whiteside's own brain, especially the Postcript—the far larger portion being a translation from an Italian work on the topography of ancient Rome, with which we take no concern on the present occasion.

Mr. Whiteside may be a very effective orator in Green-street or the Four Courts: but we can assure our readers that his Essays on Italian affairs indicate a very small degree of mental vigour, and, what for an orator would seem more strange, a very small degree of literary culture. He raves like a maniac against the Pope, whom, with the genuine impertinence and arrogance of a certain class of Dublin Protestants, he scornfully designates *the Priest*—"there must be either the despotism or the defeat of the Priest," saith Windbag. He stamps, screams, foams, chokes, in the fervour of

his antipapal madness. He is exceedingly angry with the French for saving Rome from the domination of some thousands of robbers and assassins. Thus he discourseth :—

"This is not the place to discuss the policy of the French invasion of the Papal States; the civilized *world* will stigmatize the bombardment of Rome as an act of unprovoked barbarity. The French strive to excel in ferocity the Vandal and the Goth: *beyond dispute*, their army, their general, and their President, will earn by the perpetration of this crime immortal infamy. There can be no unconcerned spectator of so flagitious an offence against the law of nations, unless that law be sufficient to repress acts of cruelty and wickedness, such as Frenchmen, by the authority of their government, now commit in Italy. *The boasted civilization of our age is at an end*, and brute force, unrestrained by human or divine authority, must henceforth rule the world. That an unoffending people, who, possessed of political power wielded it with moderation, *with a becoming respect for personal liberty, for property and even for religion*, should be killed by French revolutionists, because they desired to escape from the enormous evils inflicted on them by an absurd political system, might

be expected to have raised an universal shout of indignation. But we have suffered this shameful transaction to proceed with remarkable composure, although murder on a small scale is revolting to our feelings. . . . The bombardment of Rome is a disgrace to the age in which we live. . . . The French government seems to be insensible to the infamy of reducing to ruins the most famous city of the world.

"If, however, Marshal Oudinot be successful, and the Pope and Cardinals shall be forced back by the bayonet on an incensed people, we may expect to witness a melancholy scene, although not unusual in Italian history, of *outrages* on the part of the *oppressed* against their oppressors, and of *crimes* on the part of the *oppressors* against the oppressed. After the blood which has been shed there can be no middle course; the moral force of the Pope and the Sacred College is *at an end;* and there must be either the despotism or the defeat of the priest."

Every one now knows that all this rhodomontade is built upon a total perversion of the facts of the case: that the French army acted, from first to last, with unparalleled moderation: that they did nothing beyond what was absolutely necessary to

accomplish their object of rescuing Rome from the hands of lawless bandits: that they even avoided measures of a harsher nature, which would have secured a more rapid and decisive conquest: that the mass of the fighting men in Rome consisted not of Romans but of sanguinary and rapacious adventurers from Paris, Poland and all the dens of ruffianism in Europe: that "the respect for personal liberty" was shown by daily assassinations, not only unpunished but applauded, in the open streets, as in the case of the three persons—reported at the time to be Jesuits—who were seized, butchered and cut in pieces with such circumstances of horror as even Marat might have been moved in contemplating: that "respect for property and *even* for religion" was shown by plundering the churches and convents, by selling the works of art, by forcing the clergy to pollute the Holy of Holies with chants of triumph for the temporary success of (what they at least believed to be) impiety and sacrilege and injustice and treason, and, as in the case of the Canons of St. Peter's, imposing a heavy mulct on those who refused to comply.

"The boasted civilization of our age is at an end," because poor dear Garabaldi and his troop of brigands were forced to turn their backs before the

French soldiers—the truest heralds of returning civilization, at the time; because Mazzini's fancy shop of theoretical and practical scoundrelism has been closed. So we are all to fling our books into the fire and turn savages before next Christmas, because Rome has been freed from the worst of all political calamities—the sway of unprincipled men, whose restless ambition and insatiable cupidity drive them on, like pricking bayonets, to convulse the fair order of society—for in anarchy alone they have chance of ruling: whose minds deformed, low, half bestial, passion-scarred, hate, like Milton's Satan, whatever is beautiful and exalted and spiritual and pure, and feed on the contemplation of its decay: who cry out for liberation from the despotism that exists, that they may establish a blacker despotism in its stead—themselves the despots. It well becomes this man, an *Irish* Protestant Tory—our Irish, not our English, readers understand fully what this means—a gentleman who is for Protestant ascendancy, who thinks it right and proper that the Irish Protestant establishment should be upheld—it well becomes him to write after this fashion. It well becomes him to talk of the absurd political system of the Roman government, with the history of the political government of Ireland before his eyes—

——— Words
Give way beneath the wild career
Of rushing thoughts—like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong.

No one doubts that a political reform was needed in Rome. Of this no human being was more thoroughly convinced, or avowed his convictions in a more striking manner, than our present Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth. We know not if the conduct of the newly-elected Pope could find a parallel in the whole history of the world. Raised to the most ancient sovereignty in Europe, to an office which, from its peculiar nature, its peculiar associations and traditions, would naturally lead its possessors to walk in the old path, to dread innovation; hardly was the triple crown placed on his head, when, of his own free will and proper motion, he commenced a course of policy so boldly liberal as to startle the very apostles of moderate democracy, to make him among the most loved, honoured, and applauded, in the very land which, for three hundred years, regarded every one who filled his chair as the man of sin and the unchangeable enemy of civil liberty. His portraits were bought up in England by thousands: public meetings rang with

plaudits at the announcement of his name: the pale apocalyptic became perplexed and lost the thread of his mystic calculations. Even old reformers grew uneasy, and hinted their fears that he was pushing their own principles too fast, if not too far. The general amnesty and opening of the prisons was an act of heroic and unexampled clemency: whether it was a prudent act some have doubted. He published a constitution based on principles of the most enlarged political wisdom, drawn up in a spirit of most generous confidence, and bestowed in perfect good faith. Whether it was not much too liberal and given in too unsuspecting a temper has been also doubted, especially as far as the Romans are concerned. We have heard it said that there is no fair ground for taxing the system of political reform commenced by our Holy Father with want of prudence, whether as to time or substance. For, if the peace of Europe had remained undisturbed, as it existed at the period of his accession and for some time after, his scheme would, in all human probability, have been crowned with success. But the French revolution burst upon the world, boiling up to the sky, and sending its tumultuous eddies over the whole surface of society. Almost all the great cities of Europe were turned for a season into

madhouses: the patients seemed to outnumber the keepers: quiet sound-headed men were not sure of retaining their senses unimpaired for twenty-four hours. No wonder that systems which, in calmer times, would make their way gallantly and gaily, should have been wrecked in such a storm unforeseen. It is, of course, not easy to decide how an untried experiment would have worked in circumstances which it was designed but not permitted to work in. We think however that the remark we have quoted is most reasonable; to our judgment it appears satisfactory. Thus much at least it clearly shows, that it is most unjust to charge, as some have charged, upon the Pope's want of prudence, the failure of a scheme, which may be so fairly attributed to the influence of causes, the subsequent birth of which no human sagacity could have foreseen.

We are heartily glad that the first-born of young Italy, the infant republic of assassination and robbery and sacrilege, the infant idol, the dandled darling of Dublin Windbags, the squeaking abortion of a masked and ruthless despotism, is strangled in the cradle—even by the Devil. If by the Devil, so much the better, for then his house is divided, which is good tidings. If the French have acted

through vanity or ambition or any other unworthy motive, that is their own affair, let them look to it. They have done an excellent *thing*. And, after all, had they not a right to go to Rome, on a mission of order, much better than the red men of the Parisian Faubourghs or the Polish exiles had to swarm thither on a mission of plunder? Is there not a law, higher than Green-street technicalites, that gives to every man and to every nation a right, if not a duty, to save an individual or a people from oppression and pillage? If Mr. Whiteside's country house is attacked and taken possession of by a gang who keep himself and his family in duresse, bag his plate and pictures, and make merry in his cellar, shall we act unjustly, if we rescue him by force, even though we should have to break open his door for the purpose?

Would Mr. Whiteside venture to assert now, what he so confidently asserted, in last June, that the mass of the native population were for Mazzini's republic? Does he now hold that the revolutionary government was a legitimate government, and that the Pope had ceased to be the true sovereign of the Papal States? If so, he is an Irish Protestant Tory, and we should like to see him following out his principles to their legitimate conclusions nearer

home. This has been the actual state of the case. Grave defects existed in the system of civil government in Rome—fact unquestioned. The present Pope, after a series of most conciliatory acts, and after due deliberation, draws up, publishes and puts in operation a new constitution, establishing a representative legislature, reforming the courts of law, in short, very much resembling, and doubtless copying, our own boasted constitution, in its very best parts—to the glory of England, it may be said, and, with all our hearts, let England glory in it—fact unquestioned. The throat of his prime minister, one of the ablest men in Europe, is cut from ear to ear, in open day and almost under his own eyes: the assassin escapes through a crowd of sympathisers or cowards—facts unquestioned. The Pope, finding himself no longer free, and very justly fearing for his life, escapes in disguise. A republic is proclaimed: the prelude of the hymn that ushered the young Caliban into light, being the hoarse click of the assassin's knife on De Rossi's throat, and the whizzing of the bullet that pierced the brain of poor Father Palma—facts unquestioned. And this is the setting up of a legitimate government. We hope such principles are not according to the law of England: we are quite sure they are not according to the law of God.

In common, we freely admit, with others, from whom we expected better things, Mr. Whiteside sneers at French republicans for attacking Roman republicans. So far from acting inconsistently herein, the French republican government and army have been doing in Italy exactly what they did, and with perfect consistency did, in their own Paris in the June of '48. That is to say, the republic of order, law, humanity put down a republic of disorder, atheism, horror and bloodshed: the republic in whose legislature and administration such ecclesiastics as the Bishop of Langres and such laymen as Falloux take a leading part, put down the republic whose leaders are disciples of Rousseau and Anacharsis Clootz. There is nothing in common between the two things beyond a common generic *name*. We have an utter loathing for the cant of unity, fraternity, equality, knowing well what these words signify in the mouths of those who most commonly and cordially utter them. The fraternal hug of a cigar smelling, leg twirling, head bobbing, mustache nursing, blood breathing, guillotine faced jacobin were about as agreeable to us as the embrace of a Chimpanzee. An Irish Protestant conservative, however, can, at the same time, with either arm strain to his throbbing heart and tearful cheeks, the

ogre of red republicanism and the ogre of sectarian ascendancy. So far can hatred of the Pope reconcile all differences, all contradictions in itself the one absorbing passion.

Let us not be understood, however, in any thing we have said, as granting, except for argument's sake, that the motives of the French have been in any degree less praiseworthy than their deeds, in reference to Rome. On the contrary, as far as the conduct as well as the professions of the army, the military commanders and the immense majority of the legislature furnish to us—and what else can furnish?—the means of judging, a high and chivalrous Catholic feeling seems to have animated them throughout, mingled no doubt with other aspirations of a less exalted kind, from which poor human nature is, even in very good men, so rarely exempt.

It is becoming every day more and more evident that the Catholic religion is an essential element in the restoration and stability of order and happiness in France. The rapid advances which the Church of that country has lately made towards perfect emancipation from state control, and towards possessing a firm hold on the respect if not the affections of many hitherto indifferent, and towards toleration from many hitherto hostile, is at once a

cause, an effect, and a proof of this growing and now indeed almost universal persuasion.

We have no predilection whatever for the republican form of government: we rather incline strongly to the opinion that it is among the most imperfect of all forms. Abstract discussions of this kind may however be left in the hands of schoolboys as exercises in elocution: they exert no permanent influence on affairs. Constitutions, as an eminent writer has remarked, are not made but grow. Liberty properly understood and properly regulated is an excellent thing in itself; but, as has been said long ago, it is a means not an end, at least not *the* end. The dominion of just laws, true civilization, security of life and property and honour and peace and mutual confidence and plenty and sound morals—these are the term to which all social reforms and improvements should tend. Without them liberty is a curse, and the more unrestricted it is, the greater the malediction. We have no doubt that, in certain states of society, an absolute form of government is, for the time being, the best: it may be perhaps as little doubted that, in other states of society and taking all things into account, the republican form of government may be, for the time being, the most expedient. What kind of perma-

nent government may best suit in France we know not. But that the actual state of the Church compared with the past has been of late most satisfactory and cheering, can, we think, admit of no dispute. The execrable University, with its infidel professors and its intolerable monopoly, are fast melting down, if they have not already in substance dissolved, into the mud of Cocytus whence they sprang. The bishops hold openly and unmolested their provincial councils. The ministers of religion appear everywhere in public; its solemn services are everywhere publicly celebrated without insult or hindrance. The Church enjoys at this moment an extent of freedom which she did not possess under her old monarchy for two hundred years previous to the first revolution. Her sun, for a time before that catastrophe clouded and discoloured, went down in a sea of blood, and rises now once more with increasing splendour. The hearty cheers which echoed back the sublime Catholic sentiments pronounced by Montalembert, last October in the Assembly, heralded the glad tidings through all Europe that the great old Catholic heart of the great old Catholic kingdom was beginning to beat and glow again with its great old Catholic life. The defeat of the Red Republicans,

at their own barricades in the streets of Paris, has been, in its results, one of the most important events of the last fifty years; for it has shown that, after all, the Monkey Tiger is not France, nor even a respectable fragment thereof: it has shown to both parties the relative impotence of one and the relative and overwhelming strength of the other. We affirm nothing of the future: the soil is volcanic, and no one can be sure that an explosion *may* not occur: but very cautious and experienced men have often formed sanguine hopes on grounds far lighter than those contained in the present posture of affairs in France. In any case we have unbounded confidence in the energy and still more in the practical wisdom of the French episcopate. The eloquence of Bossuet may not be found in its ranks; but there is in it something immeasurably better, a more devoted, a more reverential, a more affectionate feeling and bearing towards the Indefectible See, a rallying no more round an old rotten throne or a shadowy symbol of "Gallican Liberties," but round the true and everlasting Centre of Unity.

But we are digressing. To resume and finish Mr. Whiteside's book; we have only to add that we have dwelt too long on that miserable, pulpy,

slobbering volume. We do not question that Mr. Whiteside is personally a most amiable, honourable and humane man; but he is full of the conceit and assurance which characterize his class. At the commencement of the proceedings of the Clonmel commission, last winter, he began to assume his "Italy" tone towards the bench, and received such a sharp, short but withal dignified snubbing as tamed him for the time. In the court literary, which enjoys no coercive jurisdiction, he has exercised his liberty of answering objections, after the manner of his royal namesake, by restating his proposition. Whether he is resolved to persist in this course remains to be seen. His lengthened sojourn in Italy has, we have been glad to learn, contributed greatly to the restoration of his health. Having now discharged these four volumes—such a mass of "perilous stuff" on an invalid's stomach!—we hope that he is clean out of the doctor's hands, and that he will be able to devote himself exclusively to his professional pursuits, with full vigour. However elegant he may appear in his silk gown, in foolscap he looks enormously ridiculous.

EXTRACT

BEARING ON PAGE 262.

"Farther still, the mere change of time and circumstances may alter the character of the same party without any change on its own part: its triumph may be at one time an evil, and at another time a good. This is owing to a truth which should never be forgotten in all political inquiries, that government is wholly relative: and that there is and can be no such thing as the best government absolutely, suited to all periods and to all countries."—ARNOLD, Lectures on Modern History; Lect. V. p. 194. Third Edit.

Chapters on Church and State.

CHAP. II.

POLITICAL RIGHTS OF THE CLERGY: POLITICAL POWER OF THE IRISH CLERGY.

Constitution of the Christian Priesthood—Question proposed: in what sense to be considered—The power of the State: its principle and extent—Aggressive and encroaching tendencies of the Church—Creed of Politicians: our Creed—What we think of English Histories of the Middle Ages: why we think so—A comparison proposed—A comparison made: Inference from it—The different sorts of political influence—Inference continued.

Political power of the Irish Clergy—Whence it is, and what, and how, and why—How it has been exercised—Exceptions: to be admitted, and why.

Note—What some writers admit: how other writers infer.

Political Rights, &c.

I HAD some time ago devoted a good deal of labour to the composition of an essay on certain questions, which, as being closely connected with each other, I had grouped together under one general head. After having proceeded rather far in my work, I found that I could not bring it to a satisfactory termination without extending the matter to a very disproportionate length. I have accordingly suppressed the article, selecting for publication the two following episodes introduced into it. I think it necessary to premise thus much, as an explanation of the somewhat abrupt and fragmentary appearance which they may wear in the reader's eye.

* * * * * *

POLITICAL RIGHTS OF THE CLERGY.

ACCORDING to the doctrine of the Catholic Church the priesthood form, by the immutable divine ordinance, a corporation distinct from the body of the laity. The members of the civil community are, as such, joined together by social bonds and for

temporal purposes. The members of the priesthood are aggregated thereto by an inauguration of a purely spiritual character: the end of their institution is purely spiritual. Members of a separate body founded by God, they are subject to a government also founded and defined by God and, as such, essentially distinct, in the nature and end of its power, from the civil government.

A priest however does not by his ordination forfeit the condition, hitherto enjoyed by him, of being a member of the civil community. He continues to live under the protection of the civil laws; if plundered or oppressed he can appeal to Cesar; he adopts the usual mode of purchasing what he wants; he buys or sells or barters in the neighbouring town according to the laws which regulate such contracts for other men.

Can the state, as such, deprive a clergyman of any political privilege or right, for example, that of being elected to parliament, provided he possesses all the qualifications which, if a mere layman, would entitle him thereto?

I put this as a purely abstract question in the science of political philosophy, as a question merely appertaining to the rights and powers of the secular government, and considered in general and apart

from the circumstances which may in practice modify the exercise of those rights and powers. On one hand, I do not mean to raise the question, either formally or by implication, whether, in the actual state of public feeling and in the actual position of public affairs in this or in any other country, it would be expedient or necessary to acknowledge no distinction between cleric and layman in the distribution of political rights. On the other hand, still less do I purpose to raise the question whether the Church has the power of restricting the lawful exercise of certain civil rights in the clergy. That she possesses such power is a point of defined Catholic doctrine, and indeed follows as an immediate and evident inference from the essential idea of the nature and end of the priestly office. That she has, to a greater or lesser extent, and from the beginning, exercised this power is plain from her laws and from the writings of the Fathers. The greater good of religion, however, or certain other grave considerations may in some cases justify or even demand a relaxation of those laws, in different degrees and with different reservations according to the nature of the case.

Now as to the question I *do* raise in reference to the state, it appears to me that it has not the

power of imposing the aforesaid restrictions. Men by combining in society necessarily abdicate a portion of their personal liberty to secure the rest, and submit to government and law as a cheap price for the benefits they derive from the social system. Restraints on the individual are required by the general good of the community: they vary in kind, extension and intensity according to the requirements of the public good, and are only just when it justifies them. The temporal power has no right to tax my liberty, my property or my limbs, farther than this primary and universal end of all temporal power demands. Every burthen or restriction imposed on any other principle is arbitrary and unjust.

The principal ground on which men advocate the propriety and justice of certain restrictions upon the political rights of the clergy, is as follows. They say that the priesthood is a distinct class whose members are united by ties peculiarly strong, animated by a common feeling, concentrated with a peculiar energy and singleness on a common object. Their priestly education, their priestly discipline, their priestly ideas, their priestly uniformity in so many things, their priestly zeal and their celibacy itself, all combine to make them as a corporation encroaching, absorbing, seeking aggran-

dizement and domination over all others. Put no special check upon their aggressive tendencies, leave them to work their way unimpeded, like the other classes of the state, and they will soon cover them all and eat them up.

Such has been in all ages the prevailing creed of mere politicians. Their jealousy of the ecclesiastical power, except when it served as an instrument for their own purposes, is marked on every page of history. This feeling towards the Church has, since the Reformation, become more general and more fixed. In recent times, it everywhere pervades popular literature, popular political doctrines, new religious theories and whatever else contributes to make up or to indicate what is called the spirit of the age. Voluminous works, chiefly of an historical character, have been published apparently with a main object of establishing and disseminating this view. Its influence is everywhere discernible in the spirit and the letter of modern legislation, in the new forms of society, whether thrown up in the convulsions of sudden revolutions or imperceptibly formed in the progress of silent and gradual change. It is indeed too certain that the history of every age furnishes examples of wicked churchmen who, lawfully possessing or law-

lessly usurping, temporal authority, used it for their own aggrandizement and even, as in the case of some of the robber prelates who accompanied William the Bastard into England, made it the instrument of cruel oppression and spoliation—merciless, hardhearted men, like the ferocious marauders about them; men into whose hearts by the imposition of hands not the fire which descended on the twelve, but the fire "unnamed in heaven," seems to have entered. Which is to say, that while the Church is holy, and the priesthood is holy, and the episcopate is holy, yet there have ever been believers worse than unbelievers, and bad priests and bad bishops, and will be while the world lasts and the devil and the flesh tenant it. But equally certain it is to me that the Church, wherever left to act freely, wherever she was not seized violently and chained, by golden or iron fetters, to the predominant despotism of the day, has always exhibited a degree of selfdenial and disinterestedness, such as in no other domination has been yet witnessed. If I saw clear evidence to the contrary I would bow to it. But of the mass of English medieval histories, views of the state of Europe during the middle ages, sketches, dissertations, summaries, pencillings, such as have fallen in my

way, however learnedly and ably written in other respects, seem to me to have been constructed on the most slender basis of facts, and on the most narrow and distorted view of those facts. The adventures of a number of burly bandits whom the world styled kings, dukes, earls; their wars, their battles, their murders, their robberies, their house-burnings, their perjuries, their debaucheries, their conspiracies, their travels by land and sea, in a word, their public and private crimes, and the characters and events connected therewith make up the framework on which is overlaid whatever exists of reflection, generalization, philosophy in the aforesaid histories and historical views. I want to obtain an adequate idea of that great sea of existence and the world of life that lay therein; and I am presented with a view of the monsters that gambol on the surface, the rocks that rise above it, the waves that for ever break around them. This is one reason why I am not convinced by what these learned books tell me of Church and State in past times. They give me but the scum and bubble of history; I want to see what lies below down to the very mud. I want to see the whole of society as it really existed, and they present me with extracts from the Newgate Calendar of the day.

I am withheld from conviction by many other reasons. I shall mention one of them, which is most capable of being easily understood and briefly stated. I find in these books constant references to Catholic doctrines, usages, rites, institutions, feelings, habits, not of the dark ages only, but of this our own present time, of this period of light, when universal languages, railroads, fast-sailing ships, the press have nearly equalled the olden achievement of showing all the kingdoms of earth and the glory of them at a single glance. Yet in the bulk of these allusions and statements about Catholic doctrines, practices and the rest, I find the most shocking perversions of truth, the most utter contempt of it; as if the negative particle in the eighth commandment were an interpolation of the monks, and the authorized version rejected it. Now when these same writers come to theorize and propound their views on a period hard to understand, which they themselves call *dark;* a period into which, as themselves maintain, so large an infusion of the Church's soul was poured; the period of a church possessed, church bestridden world; how can I—God having given to me a reasoning mind—place the smallest reliance on the truth of their narrative or the justness of their speculations.

I admit the faults and crimes of individual churchmen. I believe indeed that they have been enormously exaggerated in number and in degree of guilt. Still I admit that authentic history furnishes too many examples of such. But that the spirit of aggression and despotism in temporal affairs is, in any degree, the spirit of the body of churchmen appears to me a Catholic utterly improbable and false. I see the strongest antecedent presumption against this charge. The evidence in its favour is the testimony of false witnesses, of ignorant witnesses, of prejudiced witnesses.

Let a comparison be made not between individuals picked out from either party, but between the mass of the lay and the mass of the ecclesiastical rulers, legislators, judges, landlords, &c., during some period when the elements of such comparison existed, say, during any one century of the middle ages. Let a comparison be made in the condition of the people subject to either power, for example, between the tenants on church lands and the tenants of the feudal lords and other lay proprietors. For every two, for every five, for every ten heartless, plundering, grinding, oppressive landowners among the laity, match me one among the clergy or the monks, and you will have done a great deal more

than I as yet think possible to be done. Barbarism and ferocity and all sorts of crimes and disorders there were in abundance during those ages. But who caused them, who perpetuated them, and in whose despite? It was the lawless force, the restless ambition, the aggressive and encroaching passions of laymen vested with power in higher and lower grades or aiming at it, and this in despite of the Church's authority, her threats, her teaching and her example. If the darkness and confusion were so great, how much greater would they have been, had the Church then had no being or no influence? Whatever light of knowledge then existed was of her keeping: whatever of civilization, was by her created or by her preserved from dying out.*

On the question of fact touching the tendency to self-aggrandizement and despotism on the part of the clergy, I have stated my belief, together with some of the general reasons which induce me utterly to distrust the evidence on the other side. Into a direct and detailed examination of that evidence, embracing as it does such an immense range of both civil and ecclesiastical history, I cannot of course enter here, and certainly do not just now possess

* See at the end of this article a note too long to subjoin here.

the extensive and profound information to enter upon it any where else. It is a question which spreads itself over so many ages, so many countries, so many different, shifting, now unknown or but imperfectly known relations of society, that it would, I think, consume the whole long life of the clearest minded, the best informed, the most judicious investigator, so finally to settle it; so accurately and completely to gather, sift, as it were to wash, to arrange and set the innumerable atoms, grains, bits, ingots of fact scattered far and wide through an immense waste of time; so to accomplish the work that nothing further would be required to end all reasonable dispute. On my own conclusions, however, as to this matter of fact, I do not mean to rest the proposition advanced above on the power of the state in reference to the political rights of the clergy. Only I thought it right to state my convictions, such as they are, lest from my silence they might be supposed to be what they are not.

Now granting the fact, to how much does it amount? To this exactly and no more, that the clergy class placed in a certain position act as any other class would act. Throw the predominant or exclusive control of state affairs into the hands of the landlord class, the agricultural class, the manu-

facturing class, the military class, the king and queen class, and the interests of that class will be more surely attended to than those of any other; its powers and its immunities confirmed and increased from year to year. "A legislature of employers passed the famous Statute of Labourers, to prevent the labouring class, when its members had been thinned by pestilence, from taking advantage of the diminished competition to obtain higher wages. Such laws," continues the able writer from whom the statement is copied, "exhibit the infernal spirit of the slave master, when to retain the working classes in avowed slavery has ceased to be practicable."* In such a parliament a dozen or a score of healthy looking, sensible, middle-aged priests might have been a very disconcerting impediment to prompt legislation; the commencement perhaps of a spiritual despotism, the forerunners of another dark age; useful nevertheless to the poor labourers who survived the pestilence, as, in another capacity, they would have been to its victims.

While writing this paragraph, I see in the newspapers much murmurings against the present English parliament as being composed of too large a

* Mill. Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 498.

proportion of the landlord class: to which is attributed the grievous neglect said to exist in that parliament of the interests of the Irish tenantry. Whether these complaints are just or not, I do not stop to consider. But they furnish the most recent illustration of the fact that, at least in public opinion, there are other classes beside that of the clergy who not only look to their own interests but sacrifice to them the interests of others.

The state, therefore, has no right to restrict the political rights of the clergy upon any other principle than that in which the same are, in their respective degrees, restricted in the other classes and the equilibrium of the whole preserved.

There are two sorts of political influence. The first is that which resides in those masses of the community who, not having the conventional qualifications, have not acquired active political rights, that is, have no active share remotely or immediately in the government of the country; are merely what theologians call "occasional causes" of municipal or legislative measures. Of such are the landless, houseless, moneyless, the food of workhouses and of famine; who, nevertheless, by their mere unavoidable and uneasy existence in the bosom of society, as things to be provided for or

provided against, in some way necessarily help to shape the course of public policy, as rocks in the bed of a river influence the direction of the stream.

The second kind of political influence is what theologians would call an "efficient cause," whether concurring negatively or positively, remotely or immediately. This again is of two species, one of which may be termed non-official, which is not created by parliamentary enactments, exists independent of them, needs for its working no authority or sanction of civil law except the sanction of being let work. Such is the influence exercised by newspapers, pamphlets, reviews, public speeches, political meetings, the opinions of men of genius or rank or experience. The extent of this kind of influence is in proportion to its own intrinsic natural and just weight, such as the force of reasons advanced; or of external accidental circumstances, such as the susceptibility or partizanship of an audience; or of both together. I see no reason why, as regards the state, a clergyman should be, more than any other member of society, limited in the exercise of this species of influence. I see no reason why, for example, the squire of the parish should unblamed harangue at public meetings or write in the newspapers in support of landlord interests, and that the priests of

the parish should not alike unblamed combat his views through the same channels, and advocate the claims of the poor whose condition he so well understands. I see no reason why Colonel Bruen or Colonel Tiger shall drive his tenantry like cattle to vote for some slanderer and persecutor of themselves and their religion, and that Father M'Cabe may not lift his voice to resist, albeit equipped with his horsewhip.*

The other species of direct and efficient influence is exercised through certain political rights created and distributed by the state. Such is the influence possessed by voters at elections, by members of parliament, by ministers of the crown. It is evident that certain legal qualifications should be, as they are, required for the enjoyment of this kind of power in its several grades; though the determination of these qualifications in detail furnishes and will ever continue to furnish an ample source of perplexity and party contention. Lawyers, physicians, attorneys, bankers, merchants, the editors of reviews

* A useful accompaniment, by the way, of certain midnight mountain drives which diversify the winter life of the rural clergy in many places—if indeed the good father has not had to part with both horse and whip for the two past winters, which to me, who know something of his reverence, is very probable.

and magazines and newspapers may sit in parliament. Their profession does not disqualify: why should the clerical profession disqualify? It cannot be denied that among the clergy would be found a considerable number of men at least as well fitted to discharge the duties of legislators, as any one of two-thirds of those who compose that body at present.

If you dread the tendency in the priesthood to encroach, put proper checks upon them; as you have, for example, put upon the kingly order, which, you will not deny, has in the history of the world exhibited as strong a propensity to augment its influence as the priestly. If you are afraid that, by admitting priests into parliament, you create a new element that will grow into a new empire within the old and above it, you can limit the number and prescribe other such conditions as will not only secure you against this evil but also against the probable danger of it. To admit into the legislature, say, a dozen of men, whose peculiar experience and peculiar knowledge would supply peculiar materials for thought and deliberation there; who would be able to suggest much of the utmost importance to know, and which you cannot possibly learn with the same exactness from any other quarter; whose sympathies are naturally with order and

peace, and so far, a security for the preservation of just existing rights, and as naturally with the injured and oppressed, and, so far, on the other hand, a security for the temperament of mercy and regard for the poor—to admit such a number of such men, while it would so powerfully co-operate in preserving the balance of God's justice and truth, could surely in no way disturb the balance of the just power of the laity in such an assembly.

All this is of course purely speculative; no one entertains the least hope or fear that it will be done. Yet, though no one dreams of attempting to change the present order of things in this matter, it is right that the system which will continue should not be maintained on erroneous principles.

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POLITICAL POWER OF THE IRISH CLERGY.

It is unnecessary to go back to other ages, to look out to other countries, to decipher old documents: take the case of Ireland as it actually has been and is under our own eyes. Here surely the fact of clerical domination and arrogance, however accounted for or palliated, cannot be denied. Here the priest rules over the masses of the people with unlimited sway; and every other influence in com-

parison with his seems less, in collision with it is broken into pieces. The greatest statesmen of England fear it, and treat with it: the great political writers and orators of England vilify it and roar against it. They who have smitten empires with the sword and bound kings in chains of iron, feel themselves harassed by a strange power, which the weapons of olden or of modern warfare are alike unavailing to subdue.

The existence of this great clerical influence in Ireland is indeed evident enough: though its origin and nature have been variously misrepresented, and its extent, I think, often exaggerated. How long it may last I cannot pretend even to conjecture. Whether it has been used so as to promote the interest of religion and the temporal prosperity of the people, may become matter for examination elsewhere: whether it has been exercised with moderation and with due respect for the rights of others, is the only point under consideration now; and on this I without hesitation answer in the affirmative.

The temporal authority of the priesthood over the people in Ireland sprang as naturally from the state in which the people have existed, as does the authority of the parent over his children. The people were on all sides degraded, oppressed and

plundered; degraded in the name they bore, in the language they spoke; degraded by the written law, degraded by the unwritten law of social usages. The Protestant yeoman trampled on them, the Protestant aristocracy trampled on them, not a few of the Catholic aristocracy trampled on them or despised them or neglected them or betrayed them, alien priests of an alien creed trampled on them. Whatever contributes to form the character to self-reliance, to rational independence; whatever contributes to educate the mind, to educate the heart, to civilize the manners, to invigorate the frame, were, as far as possible, taken from them. They were shut out from hope and environed in affliction, as their island was environed by the sea. Ruled with a rod of iron, scourged with scorpions, pillaged with impunity and slandered and murdered, a broken and dispersed people; sadness and abasement and desolation impressed themselves in their hearts and marked the race. Humiliation and woe became the characteristics of everything about them, of their music, their poetry, their dress, their dwellings, their gait, their demeanour, their sentiments, the very stature of their bodies, the very form and expression of their faces.* Dark were the memo-

* See extract at the end of this article.

ries and stories of the past, dark the picture of the present, dark the prospects of the future. It was no more the green Erin of the valleys and the streams, but Erin of the afflicted children for ever. Yet in that black sky there was one star ever bright, in that sea of bitterness there was one islet of comfort the waters could not cover. In their own priesthood was their common centre and their only centre of hope and consolation. There lay all their wisdom, all their guidance, all their reliance, all their strength to bear their chains, and all their strength to break them; and these were indeed all theirs; theirs under the sword, under the cavern roof, under the forest tree; theirs through good report and evil report, in sickness and in health, in life and in death. Never on this earth did kingly power so spring up from the very heart and soul of the people it ruled, flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone; of it and over it, as the head is in the human frame. Of the chieftains who rose from time to time to govern them or to fight for them, some died on the battle field, some on the scaffold, some were bribed by gold to desert the nation's cause, some to desert the national faith: the succession was often thus interrupted or lost, and the people were left without leaders having a claim on their confidence or obedi-

ence. But the apostolical succession of the priesthood remained unbroken throughout. It was not princely descent, nor Milesian blood, nor the possession of broad lands, nor might in arms, nor skill in field or cabinet that aggregated men into this royal line; not the will of flesh nor the will of man nor the power of them, but the mysterious sacrament of God bequeathed to the Church's keeping, the unwearied energy of the Catholic spirit fed from above, believing all things, defying all things, daring all things. The races of kings and chiefs and bards and whatever else might have been, from old traditional feelings and customs, an acknowledged power to lead, disappeared in the lapse of dark and troubled ages, as rivers are lost in the sands of the desert. All that the people could reverence or trust in or follow or rally round was exterminated or brought over and ceased to be. The priesthood alone was left, still true to the people, with the same old faith, the same old religious ceremonies and sacraments and feelings and moral teaching. What was holiest and dearest in their past memories was preserved, and on this their affections and their reliance were concentrated with all the ardour that had been divided over many. Time, death, shining gold, sharp steel, the gates of

hell warred against every other rock of their strength and at last prevailed, warred against this rock and prevailed not. Community of country, of blood, of religion, of caste, of danger, of things hated and of things loved, of things to fly from and things to pursue; every claim to confidence which the true Christian priest possesses from a devoted Christian people, every claim to guidance, counsel, fidelity unto death which such a people possess from such a priest; every principle of mutual sympathy and closest union without a single element of repulsion, all combined together in producing and consolidating this clerical power, the object of so much deep reverence, of so much vain fear, of so much angry vituperation. To the people it has not been a despotism to oppress and to be got rid of, but their pillar of light and consolation, their last tower of strength which the hand of heaven and their own built together, whose ruin would have been their greatest ruin.

I am indeed fully aware that, during the last two or three years, instances have occurred of what was called, and rightly called, gross, brutal, overbearing language and conduct on the part of certain clergymen. I fully and freely admit this: and, paradoxical as the proposition may at first sight appear,

I assert that, if I required a recent, notorious, specific, practical confirmation of what I have advanced, I could hardly expect to find one more conclusive than that furnished by the cases referred to. For those were days of severe trial over a great part of the earth; while the calamities which afflicted other lands were but as painted evils compared with the miseries that fell and lay so thick and heavy on Ireland. From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, through autumn and winter and spring and summer, and through autumn and winter and spring and summer again, over the fallen leaves, through the deep snow and the hard frost, across the bursting flowers, in the long summer days, onward marched the terrible famine with the equally terrible pestilence in its train; wherever human beings dwelt, but chiefly among the poorest of the poor; forward and backward and forward again, but in motion ever, restless, hopeless, pitiless, numbering their victims by hundreds at first, then by thousands by tens of thousands. I spent some weeks in the summer of 1846 in the upper part of the county of Cork, near the sea. A considerable extent of coast there was studded with fishermen's dwellings, poor huts indeed, and sad to look upon even in that enchanting season. The next summer

came, and no one lived there. They were all dead: famine and pestilence had not spared even one. It was about two miles from this spot that a whole family was discovered frozen stiff in a hovel, with their bodies half eaten away. Skibbereen lay about ten miles farther up: in the greater calamity that fell there the lesser was hardly thought of. During that dismal period the system of eviction was carried on with increased and special rigour. Several of a class of persons tolerably well known in Ireland and who are there, by an excessive moderation of speech, called bad landlords turned out thousands of the poor people at the point of the bayonet and levelled their dwellings.

The priest knew and indeed saw these things. In the deepest depths of this misery was his place fixed. In his own parish, almost under his own eyes, his people died of hunger and cold and pestilence, and lay unburied until their flesh rotted or the rats devoured it. There are upwards of two thousand five hundred priests in Ireland; two in most parishes, three in many, four or more in some others. The clergy of each parish know by name every or almost every householder in it, and indeed, in the rural districts, every person who has a permanent residence. Their duties bring them

every day into some locality of it; in many parishes and often enough, into several localities from one extreme to the other on the same day.

Of these two thousand five hundred priests, in these circumstances, through all this period, amid all these events, about half a dozen, let it be a dozen, allowed themselves to be maddened into the use of violent, mischievous and disgraceful language. Of two thousand five hundred men, with hearts of human flesh and not of stone in their bosoms; men taken from the people, educated, ordained and set apart in absolute self-abandonment to study and pray and preach and work all the days of all their lives for the people; the pastors of the people, their first and last friends, the witnesses of all their wrongs and sufferings, the depositories of all their sorrows, to whose willing or unwilling ears the sighs and groans of the sick and dying were hourly borne; of two thousand five hundred men, so placed, not twelve were found, I firmly believe not six, whom the most watchful and censorious eye could justly mark out for serious blame, as the scandal and dishonour of their sacred calling. Possessing the most unlimited power over the passions of an excitable people; mocked, reviled, slandered, goaded on, tried for three long years

by one of the strongest temptations to the abuse of power that weak mortals have ever been subjected to, thus have they exhibited an extent of moderation for which out of the history of the Church it would be hard, if not impossible, to find a parallel.

As for the few, the very few, whose ill-tempered, domineering language has been cited for our humiliation and for the justification of the hired or hereditary slanderers of our country and our creed, the priesthood is in no way involved in their dishonour. I have to offer for them neither excuse nor palliation. I utterly scorn and loathe and trample down with unspeakable contempt the mean, canting, shuffling, slinking conduct of certain scribes, who would degrade the majesty of the Church by resting her character on a lie; by trying to make believe that whoever resists the unjust aggression of a particular priest—provided he belong to a particular political party—sins against the sanctity of the priesthood; by the dull, sickening, eternal repetition—provided always as aforesaid—of this "most beloved faithful and venerated clergyman;" by trying to seal with the hallowed sanction of religion the reigning political humbug or madness of the day. What the great Cano has

somewhere said, (I quote from memory,) speaking of certain theologians who, as appeared to him, extended the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff to extravagant lengths, is equally true of the priesthood in general, of the whole Church, of every institution of our holy religion, "Non eget Petrus adulatione nostra, non eget mendacio nostro," they need not our flattery they need not our falsehood. God forbid that I should advocate, in any way, the propriety of arraigning every erring priest before the bar of public opinion. It is on the contrary a clear and solemn duty on every Catholic rather to see in the priest the anointed of God and the dispenser of his mysteries, and for the reverence and the love he owes to this sacred character, to throw a veil over his frailties and commend him to the mercies he so much requires. He is of the fathers of the people; let your bearing towards him be that of an affectionate son, and God the common father, whose paternity he represents towards you, will reward hereafter. But what I say is this, that the intemperate though well meant zeal, or the unmistakeable crimes of a small number, not worth enumerating, are, in no degree and in no sense, to be fastened upon the body: and that it is wrong, when such misconduct becomes inevitably public,

to deny notorious facts, to call virtue vice and vice virtue; wrong because it is a violation of truth, wrong because it is a most pernicious violation of truth, wrong because it is sheer barefaced cant, wrong because it supposes that the Church can be defended by such weapons and honoured by such defence. I speak for no man, but for myself and in my own proper name I reject it as a foul thing and a false thing, an insult and an injury.

Sometime within the last couple of years several charges of grossly tyrannical and vindictive conduct were brought by a certain newspaper against a certain clergyman. The reverend gentleman publishes a lengthy reply, in which he passes over in perfect silence, the whole substance of the imputations cast upon him, although these imputations were made on the allegation of facts and with specific references to public documents. He might perhaps have left the accusations, in themselves very improbable, without notice; but having attempted to refute them he should have done so, if this had been in his power. He goes instead to represent the whole clergy of Ireland as calumniated in his person! Is it possible for cool impudence to go farther than this? As if forsooth the good name of us all is to be tainted because this

individual clergyman is unable or unwilling to clear his character!

I have said enough in reply to the argument drawn from the alleged tendency to despotism in the Irish clergy. I have thought a great deal and inquired a great deal, and read and observed not a little on this matter: I believe there is not in the whole Christian priesthood a better body of men than the Irish clergy: this is my deliberate and decided conviction.

* * * * * *

NOTE TO PAGE 278.

Some later English Protestant writers have opened their eyes a little upon the Middle Ages, and "see men as it were trees walking." The author of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on "Mitchelet's History of France" thus writes:

"Respecting the Papal Church, and that, its greatest Pontiff [Hildebrand] the views of our author are such as, from the greater number of English readers, can scarcely hope for ready acceptance. They are far removed from those either of our Protestant or of our sceptical historians. They are so unlike Hume that they stand a chance of being confounded with Lingard. Such, however, as they are, we think them well worth knowing and considering. They are, in substance, the opinions of almost every historical en-

quirer in France, who has any pretensions to thought or research, be he Catholic, Protestant, or infidel. . . . . No one argues—from the conduct which they [the Catholic prelates and clergy] even conscientiously pursued when the human intellect, having got beyond the Church, became its most formidable foe—that it must therefore have been equally an enemy to improvement when it was at the head, instead of the rear of civilization; when all that was instructed in Europe was comprised within its pale, and it was the authorized champion of intelligence and self-control against military and predatory violence, &c.—"*Edinburgh Review*, vol. 79, p. 22.

The whole article, which is somewhat out of place in the periodical that contains it, is worth a single reading. It is very learned and very superficial, very thoughtful and very flippant, not a bad specimen of the effusions of a Protestant mind that has been shamed into learning some words and phrases of the language of truth, and puts them forward as the contents of the whole vocabulary.

Mr. Hallam, in his lately published volume of Supplemental Notes to the "View of the State of Europe," after taking Mr. Maitland to task, very unjustly as appears to me, for the over partiality of his celebrated "Essays on the Dark Ages," concludes with the following remonstrance. "Meantime what better apology than this ignorance [in the Dark Ages] can be made by Protestants, and I presume Mr. Maitland is not among those who abjure the name,

for the corruption, the superstition, the tendency to usurpation, which they at least *must* impute to the church of the Dark Ages?" I beg the reader to note well the drift of this sentence, which comes from the pen of one whom the most eminent of living English writers characterizes as the most impartial of historians.

Mr. Hallam is dissatisfied with the severe and polemical tone of Mr. Maitland's strictures on English historians: "for," he says, "it is not Henry, or Jortin, or Robertson, who are our usual testimonies, but their immediate masters, Muratori, and Fleury, and Tiraboschi, &c." But Mr. Maitland's most laudable object was to refute the gross slanders of those writers from whose pages the *whole* of the knowledge of the Middle Ages possessed by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand Protestants in these countries is derived. What English Protestant reads Muratori or Tiraboschi?

As we have introduced Mr. Hallam's name, we shall quote the following piece of reasoning from this very note on Mr. Maitland's work:

"Lupus, abbot of Ferrières, in some of his epistles writes tolerable Latin, though this is far from being always the case; he is smitten with a love of classical literature, quotes several poets and prose writers, and is almost as curious about little points of philology as an Italian scholar of the fifteenth century. He was continually borrowing books in order to transcribe them; a *proof*, however, of their scarcity, and of the

low condition of general learning, which is the chief point we have to regard."

Of course books were in every age *comparatively* scarce before the invention of printing. We do not mean at present to question the fact as stated by Mr. Hallam. But observe the proof by which it is sustained. Abbot Lupus possessed, it appears, a strong passion for literature, and was moreover a decided bibliomaniac. So he devotes himself with the unwearied curiosity and enthusiasm of his class to get up a collection. He was continually engaged in transcribing, (at that time the *only* way in which books could have been multiplied,) he had therefore leisure to transcribe. Perhaps he preferred this mode of increasing his collection to that of purchasing, especially as he evidently had a passion for the work, and as it was an occupation so common among the monks, who were indeed, as all admit, the principal transcribers in those times. Then what sort of books did the good abbot hunt after and borrow? We are not told. Perhaps they were rare, out of the way volumes, such as the tribe, then no doubt as well as now, particularly prized and longed for, and the scarcity of which would certainly not prove the general scarcity of books. Mr. Hallam tells us in a note that he has "observed in Lupus, quotations from Horace, Virgil, Martial, Cicero, Aulus Gellius, and Trogus Pompeius." What if the abbot had had a very good collection of standard works, and that the objects of his burrowing and borrowing were books like Martial,

Aulus Gellius and Trogus Pompeius, which men in our own day of no ordinary literary acquirements in general, and even classical in particular, need not have ever opened much less borrowed or bought.

So then that one abbot of one monastery, who was smitten with the love of classical literature, who was also manifestly smitten with the love of collecting and transcribing books, who manifestly had abundant leisure for these pursuits, did continually borrow books in order to transcribe them; which books may have been, for any shadow of evidence to the contrary, mere curiosities and amenities, added to an already excellent collection, not at all necessary for a very respectable library literary or otherwise, worthless lumber therein; whose scarcity was no sign of the scarcity of better books; nay which books were not improbably of this description, as appears from the abbot's quotations from such in his writings; that this abbot did so borrow to transcribe is a *proof* of the scarcity of books and of the low condition of *general learning!*

If so reasons the most impartial of English Protestant historians, how far are we to trust the inferences and theories of the rest?

As Mr. Maitland's name has been mentioned, we may state that, in page 394 of his "Essays on the Dark Ages," a passage occurs strongly confirmatory of the view taken in the paragraph to which this note is appended.

EXTRACT REFERRED TO IN PAGE 287.

"Among other consequences of long-continued want and ignorance, the conformation of the cranium appears to have been affected. . . . There are certain districts in Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo, chiefly inhabited by the descendants of the native Irish driven by the British from Armagh and the south of Down, about two centuries ago. These people, *whose ancestors were well-grown, able-bodied, and comely*, are now reduced to an average stature of five feet two inches, are pot-bellied, bow-legged, and abortively featured. . . . It is marvellous, indeed, how close is the physical resemblance between the lowest classes of the Irish population and the natives of Australia. . . . In both cases the same cause, a long-continued deficiency of food and social degradation . . . has terminated in the same result."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 178, Oct. 1848, p. 443.

Lines

WRITTEN AT GLANDORE, IN THE COUNTY OF CORK,

JULY, 1843,

(And really published "at the request of kind friends" alluded to in them.)

Though I have forsaken long
Fairy land of tuneful song,
Though my lips forget to tell
Thoughts they once could utter well,
How can I, with heart and tongue,
See unloved, or love unsung,
Scenes like those that rise before
The enchanted eye in sweet Glandore?

Though a high and holy call
Claims my soul and senses all,
Saints might sing a type like this
Of their own bright realms of bliss;
Man may tell in strains of love,
O how fair the heaven above,
When such beauty beameth o'er
The heaven below of sweet Glandore!

Cloudless sky and sparkling sea,
Cliff and shore and forest tree,
Glen and stream and mountain blue
Burst at once upon the view;
The gay, the beautiful, the grand
Blending over wave and land,
Till the eye can ask no more
Than it hath in sweet Glandore.

But the sunshine on the sea,
And the emerald of the lea,
And the ever smiling skies
Charm not heart or soul or eyes,
Like the grasp of friendship's hand,
Like the welcome warm and bland
As the sunlight gleaming o'er
The happy homes of sweet Glandore.

For the loveliest scenes that e'er
Smiled of heaven the image fair,
Like the beautiful in death,
Have nor soul nor voice nor breath:
O 'tis but the kindly heart
Can to them true life impart.
Tree and flower and sea and shore
Thus live and breathe in sweet Glandore.

Time may chill and bow and bind
Glowing heart and chainless mind;
They droop—the flowers of fancy, youth,
Round the ripening fruits of truth;
Yet I feel, while here I stray,
Dawn again youth's sunny day;
Fancy with her radiant store
Comes again in sweet Glandore.

Lovely region of Glandore!
Friends beloved for evermore!
Mid the tranquil bliss I feel
One sad thought begins to steal—
Soon must come the parting day,
And my steps no more will stray,
And my voice be heard no more
Among the scenes of sweet Glandore!

Visit of Father Roothan, the General of the Jesuits, to Maynooth College—Authentic account of the expulsion of the Society from Rome.

Visit, &c.

The General of the Jesuits, whose fixed residence since the expulsion of the Society from Rome had been chiefly in Belgium, made a short excursion to Ireland during the month of last October. On the 25th day of that month he called along with several members of the Order to see Maynooth, and having accepted the hospitalities of the College, I had the happiness, in common with my learned colleagues, of spending a considerable part of the day together with the whole of the evening in his company. It was the first time that any General of the Great Order had set foot on our shores. Our curiosity to see and hear and know every thing about such a personage had been, it may be well conceived, rather strong, and was indeed fully satisfied. He is about sixty-four years of age; his stature is rather above the middle size, his attitude in walking quite

erect, and his step measured and slow but by no means feeble. At first sight, his face, on which all the characteristics of the unworldly spirit were deeply graven, appeared to me very care-worn; and I at once took it for granted that the brutal persecutions of every kind, but above all the brutal slanders with which he and the Society over which he presides have been so long assailed, had left these traces of suffering and sorrow on his countenance. In this, however, I was altogether deceived, and indeed I should have known both the spirit and the letter of the *Exercitia Spiritualia* more accurately. His appearance was, as I subsequently learned, naturally such as I witnessed it, making allowance of course for the influence of years and austerity of life. And indeed, even if I had not been told so much, his conversation and manner afterwards would have soon taught me that, whatever signs of grief or care might appear in his face, there was not the smallest mark of them on his heart. Father Roothan is a Dutchman, and certainly, if he be a fair specimen of his countrymen, never was there a people on the face of the earth more belied than they. So far from exhibiting the phlegm and heaviness commonly attributed to that nation, his bearing and conversation were of the most engaging kind. He

was exceedingly lighthearted and communicative, answering the numerous questions poured in upon him about all sorts of subjects, in the most unembarrassed and condescending manner possible. What most struck me, as being quite unexpected, in the style of his conversation, was the mixture of quiet, graceful, delicate, good-natured humour, exactly so much as to impart exuberant liveliness without lowering dignity in the least degree—one of the rarest of the natural gifts of gifted men. Some would expect to meet a person free and bland enough upon indifferent topics, but wrapped up, reserved, dark upon weightier matters, with arrows shooting from his eyes and webs spinning from his lips, the very man to be a minister of state, if he had taken to that line of business, such a one as our old friends Pascal and Titus Oates could have pictured. He was no such thing, but the very opposite of this. Pshaw! what boots it to speak thus to the sublime philosopher who has his theory at hand, to account for all phenomena however directly clashing with his already formed opinions, to reconcile all conflicting evidences with his cherished "Attic" lie; as the Jews had a theory of witchcraft to account for the miracles of the Redeemer. They set out with this fixed idea that Jansenism or Protestantism

or Rationalism or whatever other form they cling to under the genus Heresy or Secularism, must be a *truth:* no wonder then that Jesuitism or Dominicanism, or Catholicism under any shape, should be to them a contrivance, a fraud, a falsehood; no wonder that one of the most pious and disinterested Pontiffs who governed the Church for the last three hundred years, the late Gregory XVI., should have been characterized by one of the leading Quarterly Journals of the empire, as a man "in whom his subjects saw *no* signs of either *honesty* or *religion!*"* Am I to be blamed for not believing a single statement (not confirmed) put forward by our English Protestant writers on certain subjects. But this is digressing too far.

We all felt perfectly at ease with Father Roothan, and he evidently felt just as much at ease with us—and good reason he had to feel so. The general conversation with him was carried on in the Latin language which he spoke with great fluency and purity. I observed that when his part of the dialogue continued for more than a minute or two, he generally slipped in something, not formally devotional, having no appearance of the exhortatory, but touching unperceived the chord of religious feeling

* Edinb. Review; July 1848, page 148.

and leaving it to vibrate for a time. I did not advert to this at the moment, but in afterwards recalling what had passed I saw it. This was, I suppose, a piece of Jesuitism, a specimen of the working of the grand conspiracy, a sly trick in which (if we are to judge from the writings and lives of himself and his companions) that sly old Jesuit, Simon Peter, first General of the great Jesuit Society—of which Father Roothan's is but a part—must have frequently indulged.

An account from the General's own mouth of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Rome would be, we thought, a rich treat to us. In the course of the evening, therefore, though with some hesitation, fearing that such a history might prove too distressing to him, we made the request and he at once cheerfully complied. I never read or listened to a more luminous and interesting narrative. Every word might have been taken down and sent to the press as it came from the lips of the saintly old Father. I need not add that it was a very affecting story; at some passages in it the tears stood in more eyes than one. The following (after the first paragraph,) compiled chiefly from some notes which I dotted down at the time, contains, I think, a pretty accurate outline of what was said.

History testifies that, from time immemorial, there has always existed in Rome a nest of atrocious characters every ready for any work of villany that opened to them. This has ever been the case in all large cities, and will of course continue to the end. It is necessary that there be scandals and heresies: nor would it be unnatural if they were found in most intense malignity where the light and grace of the Christian religion are concentrated with the most unconquerable power, and communicated with the most striking splendour and the most exhaustless profusion. In proportion as the spiritual gifts conferred are more precious and manifold will the hearts of those who reject and abuse them become more hardened. Where the Supreme See, the Centre of Catholic Unity, is fixed, there, according to the law of antagonism between good and evil, between the Church and the world, might it be expected that the great invisible enemy of the human race should have also fixed the central powers of his camp, distributed in untiring watch and marshalled in ever active array the mightiest of the rulers of darkness, inculcated his philosophy with the most unwearied zeal, and spread his snares of the most seductive form and the strongest mechanism. Add to these that the most splendid monu-

ments of ancient art, the memories and the ruins and the very site of the metropolis of the greatest empire the world had ever seen, the clear blue skies, the attractions which the city of the Holy See possesses for the curious and the profane of all sects, the splendour of the churches and of the great ceremonies of religion, have for ages brought to Rome an annual inundation of the idle and the profligate, the heretical and the infidel, from England, France, Germany and other regions of Europe and of the whole world. Taking these influences and others which we pass over into account, the wonder is, not that Rome contains within its bosom an indestructible brood of wickedness, but that the mass of the real Roman people retain so much Christian virtue, that they have not been utterly lost to the faith and utterly depraved in their moral principles. To the supernatural influence of our holy religion alone can this be attributed.

After the removal of the strict censorship of the press no less than thirty new journals started into existence in the city of Rome. A series of the most unmeasured attacks upon the Jesuits was at once commenced in them. Antiquated slanders were revived; imagination, quickened by the incubation of the Evil One, became prolific; and

alas! that it should be so—but so it has ever been—the work of a new Pascal, the bad priest Gioberti, furnished a new armoury of poisoned weapons that were not needed. By and by the Pope issued a decree of condemnation against secret societies, which, from various recent causes, began about this time to spread with most alarming rapidity and to a most alarming extent.* On the appearance of this decree one or two of the newly established papers raised an outcry and proclaimed that there was but one dangerous secret society in Rome, that of the Jesuits. The emissaries of the old Enemy of the order, always strong in effrontery and mendacity, and now waxing strong in numbers from the general influx of European anarchists and infidels from all sides, commenced a system of the grossest open insult and persecution against the Fathers. Whenever a Jesuit appeared in the streets he was saluted with cries of "Long live Gioberti, Death to the Jesuits," mingled with threats of personal violence. The first and last idea in the mind of your genuine red republican is that of carnage,

* I purpose to draw up on some future occasion, probably for my next volume, a short essay on the nature of secret societies, their essential evils, and the points of opposition between them and the doctrine and law of the Church.

"death to the suspect;" the first croak which the black imp within him utters, when it gets the licence of speech, when the throttling pressure is removed from the windpipe, is "blood, blood." The poor Jesuits became every day more and more alarmed. At length some of the members came to Father Roothan asking what they were to do, as their lives were constantly exposed to the most imminent danger. He replied to his afflicted brethren and children, that he had no power to dissolve the society, adding in the true spirit of Christian heroism, Christian faith and Christian humility, that the two great pillars of the Catholic Church, the apostles Peter and Paul, were put to death in the same city, that the Church failed not with them but gathered new strength and glory and expansive power from their blood, "and we," concluded the venerable father, "so far from thinking that so glorious a crown is reserved for us, should rather strike our breasts and say *Domine non sum dignus*, Lord, we are not worthy to be reckoned among those to whom the grace of martyrdom is reserved."

The dangers however thickened and became every day more and more threatening. The General at last requested and received an audience with the Pope, to whom he explained the perilous

position of the members of the Society and suggested the propriety of their leaving Rome. The Pope, on hearing this suggestion, exclaimed in a tone of the deepest emotion, "Are you too going to desert me?" They were affecting words, it was an affecting interview. The Holy Father embraced the General, and they parted with mutual tears. On the 13th of March (1848) the Pope wrote a letter to the chief of the Civic Guard exhorting to the preservation of public order and peace. This letter, which was printed and posted up on the public walls through the city, was everywhere immediately torn down. In the pressure of his afflictions he, on the 18th of the same month, sent for Father C.* of the Society who, before obeying the summons, first sought counsel from the General, who replied, as on a former occasion, that he could not dissolve the Society, but was prepared for whatever might happen, for whatever the Sovereign Pontiff might ordain. After the audience Father C. returned to the General to signify the wish of the Pope that he would communicate to him in writing his own impressions and sentiments. On the 21st the General despatched the required exposition, in which he stated "that he learned that

* I did not catch the name distinctly.

his Holiness was placed in the most embarrassing position on account of the Jesuits—that they, as children of obedience, were prepared for any course which the Head of the Church should counsel or prescribe—that they had not authority to break up the Roman College*—that they apprehended most serious consequences, even to bloodshed, if they continued in Rome." It is to be observed that the Roman people themselves were exceedingly attached to the Fathers. Several desperate ruffians called at the houses of those parents whose children frequented the schools of the Roman College, and threatened to maltreat the children in the public streets if they were not immediately withdrawn. These menaces were, however, disregarded, and the scholars continued with their Jesuit teachers in large numbers, perhaps larger than in any former year, and never before exhibited so much docility and affectionate obedience as during this trying period.† About a week after the despatch of the General's letter, Cardinal Castracane came to him

* The management of which lay entirely in the hands of the Society.

† The facts contained in the last three sentences were communicated by Father Roothan in the course of the account which he gave of his letter to the Pope. But it appeared to me that they were thrown in but incidentally and for our information and were not incorporated in the letter itself.

with a message from the Pope to say that, after consulting with the Cardinals, his Holiness not only felt strongly disinclined to order the departure of the Jesuits, but had come to the conclusion that he could not with a safe conscience issue such a command, and that he would not even advise them to that effect. He recommended them however to sound the feelings of the civic guard, whose disposition was of a very doubtful character; and warned them of the danger of their position and the risk of a promiscuous massacre to which they exposed themselves by remaining. On receiving this answer, which authorized the General to adopt such course as might appear best, he at once determined to leave, and accordingly signified this resolution to the Pope, begging his Holiness at the same time to preserve their house for them. As soon as it became known that the Society was about to quit Rome, a proclamation was got up by the revolutionary party and placarded on the walls, announcing that the Pope had at length yielded to the wishes of the Roman people and ordered the departure of the Jesuits. The Pope immediately issued a counter-proclamation denying the truth of this statement.

Meantime the afflicted Jesuits took their depar-

ture as privately as possible. The General was conveyed in disguise to the city gates, where an English Catholic gentleman, whose name has been long associated with acts of devoted and unostentatious piety, awaited his arrival to convey him in his own private carriage beyond the hearing of the reviler's tongue and the reach of the assassin's dagger.

I cannot pass over, though it is impossible to represent it in words, the humorous stroke with which Father Roothan concluded his narrative—"*Et sic curru evectus sum tanquam 'gentleman.'*" The dear old father's fancy was evidently quite tickled at the idea of travelling in a splendid English carriage. A gleam of genuine Irish "fun" lit up his face as he uttered the last words, and our readers need not be told that it was not slow in communicating itself to the faces of all about him:

> "With weeping and with laughter
> Thus was the story told."

THE END.

Preparing for Publication, at some future period,

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In Collegio S. Patricio apud Maynooth, Sac. Theol. Prof.

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